

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6<sup>d</sup>.



LADY CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. 6. THE HON. MRS. MALONE.



RAILWAYS.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.  
THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO EPSOM.

EPSOM SPRING RACES.

On TUESDAY, 22nd April, and WEDNESDAY, 23rd April.  
Frequent Trains will run during these days from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations to EPSOM.

On both days Ordinary Fares, as follows, will be charged to Epsom from 9.0 a.m., up to and including a Train at 11.20 a.m. from Waterloo (11.17 a.m. from Kensington) and from Epsom after 6.0 p.m., viz. :—

Single Journey.....	2s. 3d.	1s. 9d.	1s. 2d.
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Tickets may be procured at the West End Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly Circus; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, W.; Golden Cross, Charing Cross; Messrs. Gaze and Son, 422, Strand; Exeter Buildings, Arthur-street West, E.C.; and at the Waterloo Bridge, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison-road) Stations.

EPSOM RACES, April 22nd and 23rd.

The only route to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course, the quickest and best route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, Clapham Junction, Liverpool-street, Whitechapel, &c.

The Last Express Train will leave Victoria and London Bridge 1.20 p.m., and Kensington 12.46 p.m.

A Through Special will leave Whitechapel at 12.0 noon on each day for Epsom Downs. Passengers will also be booked from Liverpool-street, by the 11.50 a.m. Ordinary Train, to join this Special Train.

J. P. KNIGHT General Manager.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.  
RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

EXPRESS and CHEAP FAST TRAINS will run as usual from VICTORIA and LONDON BRIDGE Stations to the EPSOM DOWNS (Race-course) Station.

For the convenience of passengers wishing to book beforehand, the Brighton Company's West-End Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Monday, 21st, and Tuesday, 22nd inst., for the issue of tickets, and affording general information.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.  
SECOND SPRING MEETING.

On THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, 24th, 25th, and 26th April.

Frequent Trains will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junctions Stations to ESHER, returning from ESHER after the Races.

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COLUMBIA.....	Saturday, May 17.	Saturday, May 24.
MACEDONIA.....	Saturday, June 7.	Saturday, June 14.

First Class, 50 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walks, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Dr. CARVER, the GREAT

AMERICAN MARKSMAN and CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT of the WORLD, is now exhibiting his Marvellous Rifle Shooting DAILY, at Two and Half-past Five. For full descriptions of Dr. Carver's wonderful feats see the *Field of March* 29th, *Bell's Life* of March 30th, and *Sportsman* of March 26th:—"What will be thought of a man using a rifle as a shot gun, and consequently reducing his killing circle to the size of the bullet, who, without alighting the sights, but simply by marvellous obedience of hand to eye, hits a moving object 18 times out of twenty? ... He smashed 50 in 1 min 52 sec. ... He hit 11 halfpennies out of 13. ... The public will have opportunities in the Crystal Palace grounds of judging of the merits of this most marvellous man."—*Field*, March 29th. "Hitting a flying glass ball with a bullet is an immensely more difficult achievement than shattering it with a heavy charge of shot. ... So surely as the coins soared aloft were they drilled through with bullets. ... Assuredly such consummate skill was never before displayed in England, or perhaps anywhere else."—*Sportsman*, March 26th. "He went through a most extraordinary performance. It is 10 to 1 on his hitting with a rifle ball a small coin of the realm when thrown in the air. Rapid firing is his particular study. He maintained an almost continuous stream of fire. Numerous exhibitions of wonderful skill were given."—*Bell's Life*, March 30th.

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Blondin twice daily.  
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The Renowned Lauri Ballet Troupe from Drury Lane.  
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Raynor Brothers, the Universal Favourites.  
Pongo's artistic personation of the Gorilla.  
Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. W. H. Handley.  
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Mrs. Frank Hodson; Mr. J. de Lara Zulema.  
La! La! the Marvellous Phenomenon. Last week. (All should see this wonderful Performance).  
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ROYAL AQUARIUM IMPERIAL THEATRE.—Miss Litton, Manager. Every afternoon at Three, the celebrated VOKES FAMILY (special entertainment). THE ROUGH DIAMOND, followed by FUN IN A FOG. Every night at 7.30, MAN IS NOT PERFECT, followed at 8.30 by the success of the season, Goldsmith's SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; Mrs. Stirling, Miss Meyrick, and Miss Litton; Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. H. Pitt, and full company.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

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LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager,

Mr. HENRY IRVING.  
Every evening (except Wednesday), at 8.15, the LADY OF LYONS, Claude Melnotte, Mr. Irving; Damas, Mr. Walter Lacy; Beausant, Mr. Forrester; Glavis, Mr. Bellow; M. Deschappelles, Mr. Cooper; Landlord, Mr. Johnson; Gaspar, Mr. Tyars; Gervais, Mr. Elwood; Dupont, Mr. Cartwright; Desmoulins, Mr. Andrews; Madame Deschappelles, Mrs. Chippendale; Widow Melnotte, Miss Pannecourt; and Pauline, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded at 7.30 by comedieta, BOOK THE THIRD, CHAPTER THE FIRST.—Box-office open 10 to 5.  
HAMLET EVERY WEDNESDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.—Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, THE HUNCHBACK. Miss Neilson, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Harcourt, Flockton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles, Bernard, and Mr. Henry Neville. Preceded by A KISS IN THE DARK, and WHO SPEAKS FIRST.—Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. First nights of a new Burlesque, by Byron, called PRETTY ESMERALDA and CAPTAIN PHIBBUS OF OURS, whole Gaiety Company, at 9.15. Preceded at 6.45 by Operetta, and at 7.15 by UNCLE, Byron's successful comedy. Open 6.30. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday, 2 to 5.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artistes; Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded at 7.45, by CUPS AND SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

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EVERY EVENING at the ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.  
Doors open at 7.15.  
THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE at 7.45.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—First

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Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually at 8.15, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. Acting Manager—Mr. Huy.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.  
Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Stanning, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vinning, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, N. Phillips, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION, by H. T. Craven. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—Holt and Wilmot.  
NEW BABYLON, by Paul Merit. Everyone should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Four extra rows of Stalls have been added. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Curtans.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Mr. Edgar Bruce, Mana-

ger.—To-night at 8 o'clock, a new comedy, CRUTCH AND TOOTH-PICK, by Geo. R. Sims, and the Musical Folly, THE ZOO, by Bolton Rowe and Arthur Sullivan. Preceded at 7.30 by MAD AS A MARCH HARE. Mesdames Lottie Venn, Rose Cullen, Viola Dacre, Julia Warden, Hastings. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, C. Groves, Lytton Sothern, Esmond Saker, W. S. Penley, Desmondete; and a chorus of 40. Conductor, Mr. E. Solomon, by permission of Mr. Charles Wyndham. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

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Great success of the Easter programme. Every evening at 7, the new drama, TOT, OR, LOVE AND LIFE. Messrs. Dobell, F. Shepherd, Parker, Grant Syms, &c.; Mesdames A. Thomas, Denvil, Victor, Inch, Sennett, &c. See the Great Scene of the Thames Embankment by Night. Conclude with THE LAST STROKE OF MIDNIGHT. Messrs. James, Sennett, Monkhouse, &c. Mesdames Verner, Victor, &c. Dancing on the illuminated platform in the grounds.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

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Every Evening at a quarter to seven, the very successful Fantastical Drama, by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled, THE RABBIT'S SON, or THE LAST LINK OF THE CHAIN. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Newbound, Towers, Drayton, Hyde. Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer. Followed by THE BROTHERS DARE, in their unrivalled entertainment. Concluding with ZINGARELLA. Messrs. Evans, Charlton, Bigwood, Lewis, Reeve, Payne; Mdles. Brewer and Summers.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING, Mesdames Adelaide Newton and Constance Loseby. Messrs. Collini, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girards, M. Bruet and Mdle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duettists. Three Grand Ballets. Mdles. Gellert, Rosa, Imra Rokoh, and Signora Malvena Carallazzi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30. Last two Weeks.

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Immense success of the great Olympic drama, THE TWO ORPHANS. Monday and following evenings at 7.15, THE TWO ORPHANS. Miss Ernstone and Mrs. Huntley, in their original characters of Henriette and La Frochard; Misses de Solla, Alice Rayner, Goward, and Brunton; Messrs. Chamberlain, Percival, Walton, Gardiner, Brunton, Heard, and Frank Huntley. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Conclude with a favourite Farce.

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Owing to important Engagements this successful season will shortly close. The successful holiday programme will be repeated at each performance. New sketches. Nightly at 8. Monday and Saturday at 3 and 8. ZULU WAR, Battle of Isandula, Cetewayo, the Zulu King, military Kraal. Will shortly be produced, The Defence of Rorke's Drift. Other events in rapid succession. HAMILTON'S ENTERTAINMENT and Colossal Scenery of Passing Events. The Afghan War, Storming and Capture of the fortress of Ali Musjid. O I C M Minstrels. War dance, by Zulu Warriors. Hair Brushing by Machinery. Prices from 6d. to 3s.

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Proprietor ..... J. B. AMOR.

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\* \* We are compelled to hold over for want of space our concluding notice of the Magazines for April.

Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain amongst other high-class engravings the following:—"Not Quite a Hunter," by J. Sturges—Sketches from *Pretty Esmeralda* at the Gaiety Theatre, by Dower Wilson—The Duke of Wellington Hunting in the Peninsula—Taking the Stag—A Portrait of Miss Florence Terry—Scene from *The Dragons* at the Folly Theatre—Disturbers of the Peace—An Anxious Moment—Shaksperiana—Sketches by Our Captious Critic, &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,

Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays) from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a young male giraffe and an equine antelope. The Picture Gallery is Now Open.

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prepared to make engagements with Choirmen and Choristers, and to conduct all necessary arrangements connected with Church Festivals, either in London or the country. Solo Choir Boys can always be supplied at short notice.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

**Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

**CIRCULAR NOTES.**

A NOVEL occupation has been suggested for tenors who fail to impersonate the heroes of opera to the satisfaction of their audiences. I was at Covent Garden the other evening with a friend who hunts a great deal and races a little, but has a very limited acquaintance with the lyric stage; and a new tenor made his *début* as Lionello. "How do you like him?" I asked, when the love-lorn young farmer had finished "M'appari tutt' amor." My friend pondered for a moment, and then pronounced his critical opinion. "I liked that sort of view-holloa he did just now;" (the view-holloa was a cadenza introducing the high B flat); "that was very well done. I should think he'd make an uncommonly good Second Whip; nice musical voice to call hounds out of covert, isn't it?" A second whip necessarily has other duties to perform besides calling hounds out of covert; such as sitting on his horse over an awkward country sometimes, and whether Italian tenors as a rule would compass such little difficulties is perhaps doubtful. It certainly never occurred to me to look on Manrico or Elvino in the light of a possible Second Whip.

To come suddenly upon such a heading as "A Fox Drive," while innocently reading the paper is calculated to make the reader think that he must be very ill indeed of a mental complaint, or that someone is being jocular. A famous M.F.H. was good enough to send me an American—Ohio—paper last week, in which I find an article on this subject, and there is certainly no mistake about it. "The Fox-chase yesterday, and full details of the Remarkable Events of a Remarkable Day; showing how it is one thing to find a fox and quite another to catch him," the affair is further headed; and freely admitting this, I read on with wonder. After a passing compliment to Samson, the journalist who records these strange incidents explains how all the rank and fashion of the place turned out for the singular purpose of driving foxes. "There were four grand divisions which were to march on the foxes, and drive them from their 'dens' to one common centre. Each of those divisions was to form a line five miles in length. They were to march at a given signal as directed by their officers. No dogs or guns were allowed, but tin horns, bells and pans, everything that would contribute to the harmony of the occasion was permitted;" and a temporary M.F.H., under the title of Field-Marshal, dashed about in a buggy drawn by a rapid steed, to see that all was well. In place of the simple horn with which we are familiar, these fox-hunters carried, and blew vigorously upon, silver whistles, trumpets, tin horns, and especially conch-shells, "whose deep bass tone vibrated through the woods and made reynard quake in his den." A prominent captain, in epaulets, carried a sword whose length would have provoked the admiration of Don Quixote.

I THINK it will be admitted that this is a pretty good beginning; but there is more to come. On the columns marched, and on the description marches till it is broken by the heading, "A Fox." "Suddenly," the sporting chronicler relates, "there was a prolonged blast from the conch-shells, and a prolonged shout announced that two foxes had been started. One of them was lost, but the other, after hiding several times, was driven into a corner and surrounded. Reynard was in their power, and that portion of the line which could be collected rushed to the spot to see his execution. The captain tracked the creature to his lair. He drew his long sword, and with an unearthly yell that was heard far above the din, raised the weapon in mid air. The next instant it must have descended on the animal, whose days would have been numbered. But at that instant, a tall, old Shaker, whose grey hair floated in the breeze, and who lived on this farm, gained the summit, and threw himself upon the captain, saying: 'Don't kill him; it is my poor dog!' The captain looked at him with sword still uplifted, and then at the animal. Others who reached the spot did the same. Sure enough, it was a little red dog curled up pitifully beside a log. The captain sheathed his sword and turned his back, while a groan of anguish rose from the sportsmen." But there was better luck in store. From another part of the line arose a cry that a fox was on his legs—a real fox; and just then a hound which was being led by a string escaped from its master. The next instant, as the fox entered a hole, it was torn out by the hound, and a few moments later Field Marshal Harries stood up in his buggy and held the trophy by the "tail" to the view of the hunters. Unfortunately the fox, having to all seeming a

sort of hereditary conviction that this was scarcely orthodox hunting, had the grace to die while being driven to Dayton. Anybody who likes can see the body, however; and so successful is the hunt considered, that another was being organised according to the last accounts.

THE cheery and colloquial article in the *Times* of Tuesday on the attempted assassination of the Emperor of Russia is really a miracle of ponderous silliness. Amongst other more or less sapient remarks the writer, commenting on such attempts, says: "Add, if you will"—it is in a chatty tone, addressing the reader personally, that he writes—"the Transatlantic attempts at assassination, of which Mr. Lincoln was the most illustrious victim." That was an attempt indeed: the same sort of attempt as when the Duke of Wellington attempted to win the battle of Waterloo. Attempts of this sort bear such a striking likeness to accomplished facts that it is hardly worth while discriminating between them. The writer has a hope to express concerning the Czar. "It is that the work his life may be permitted to accomplish if it runs to its natural end, may be arrested by no frenzied or foolish violence of purblind men." In other words, it is to be hoped that if the Czar dies a natural death some years hence he may escape being killed in the meantime. This is what the article means if it means anything at all—which, by the way, is by no means certain. And this is the great journal, "the Thunderer," that was once a power not only in the State but in Europe!

THE *Chicago Field* publishes nearly three columns about "Hunting in Patagonia," and I wish that space permitted the reproduction of the very amusing, if not very sporting, article. The hunting was, according to English notions, shooting, and the special objects were geese. The first goose the writer fired at seemed "to turn round" after the first barrel, but contemptuously declined to take any notice of the second, and flew on undisturbed. Then he passed a long time in beating his dog, and was unsuccessful in a long stalk after more geese. There were five friends with him, and they all sat on a log eating lunch, when "Mark!" shouted some one. Instantly we were on our feet with guns ready. Many, in their haste, held their sandwiches in their teeth. Five large geese sailed by, about sixty or seventy yards off. Twelve shots were fired at them and yet not one fell. Six men said 'D— it!' and the same six then laughed and sat down to finish the meal, which we did unmolested. The writer's bag included two robins when it came to be carefully counted in the evening. Next morning all started off again, landed at Isthmus Bay, and saw five curlew. "We (three of us) fired at them, two barrels apiece, but missed them," the "hunter" candidly confesses. More by luck than judgment, apparently, the party contrived to kill a few small birds, and then they found a curlew. "It took five shots to thoroughly kill one," the sportive correspondent says. "We wounded him again and again, still he kept making for the undergrowth of the island; at length we killed him outright." One great merit the account has, however—it is probably not exaggerated, for the bags are nothing if not modest.

PERHAPS readers will have the kindness to satisfy "Inquirer's" curiosity by sending him instances of authenticated jumps. The facts as to Flying Childers' remarkable feat are not generally known and are often misstated. I once published in a popular monthly magazine an account of the jump, on the authority of the son-in-law of the man who bred the horse. He told me a capital story of how Lord Stamford, wanting a horse, came to the stables, was recommended to buy Flying Childers, and vowed that he would not have such a fiddle-headed brute in the stable. After the horse had won his big race Lord Stamford reproached the breeder for hiding his treasure, and was astonished to hear that "it's the fiddle-headed brute your lordship wouldn't have in the stable." According to my informant the jump was not 39 feet, but nearly 41. Several letters, however, came from various quarters contradicting different points of the story. Possibly some of my readers are acquainted with the real facts and can give them to "Inquirer" as one example of what he desires to know?

RAPIER.

**ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, CRICKET, &c.**

FATE and the Post Office authorities seem to band themselves together against me, whenever it is my luck to have to forward my weekly contributions through the agency of the latter. Having, according to special instructions from my Editor, laid myself out for something out of the common, I, last week, forwarded the precious document in two wrappers from Nottingham, and must leave my readers to imagine my feelings when I perused the paper last Saturday and found but two wretched "pars" in an out of the way corner. The printer, I hear, was dangerous on the night of going to press, and no wonder; whilst how I am to make my peace with the Editor I scarcely can yet make up my mind.

Cricket on Monday last, according to time-honoured custom, was fairly started for the season, and all over the country the Colts were on the *qui vive*. Unfortunately the weather has been as uncongenial for this favourite pastime as it possibly could be. A heavy fall of snow at break of day on Tuesday stopped play altogether at Leicester and Nottingham, and I regret to state that the former match has been abandoned, whilst the latter stands postponed for Saturday next.

After all the attempts of the Colonial press to argue away the dastardly treatment experienced by Lord Harris and Mr. Hornby the culprits have been well punished—a fact that will meet with the approbation of all sportsmen here and in the Antipodes.

Should the weather improve I shall next week have plenty of cricket news to dilate upon, but at the time of penning these remarks, at Leicester a further fall of snow seems imminent.

Last Saturday the Glasgow Club easily beat the London Highland Carmichael Club at Shinty by six goals to one. Not knowing much about the game I had better say no more.

Now that Easter tide is passing away we must expect to hear something of the swimmers. The honorary secretary of the Alliance Club has requested me to state that their season has commenced, and that the first club handicap will take place on April 30.

For good genuine sport in the Midland counties, commend me

to that promoted by the executive of the Leicester County Cricket Club on their new ground at Ayleston-road. Last Saturday the attraction was a hundred miles bicycle championship for £30 and a gold medal as first prize, ten sovs. and a silver medal for second, five pounds for the third, and two pounds a-piece for any other competitor covering seventy-five miles. As might be expected there was a fine entry, and the following came to the post: W. Cann and F. L. Lees of Sheffield, Bradley, Keen of London, G. E. Edlin of Leicester, W. Phillips of Wolverhampton, A. Patrick of Wolverhampton, G. Waller of Newcastle-on-Tyne, H. Higham of Nottingham, and S. Rawson of Derby. So wretched was the weather, however, that at the time appointed for the start scarcely sixty persons were in attendance. Space precludes my going into full details, suffice it to state that Phillips won by a hundred yards in 7 hours 23 min 5 secs; Lees being second and Rawson third, and that Cann, Keen, Higham and Waller all gained special prizes.

The hon. sec. of the Civil Service Bicycle Club has forwarded me a copy of their book of rules which has been carefully compiled, and being in the form of a pocket-book is a useful appendage to the outfit of any member.

Entries for the open events at the Surrey Bicycle Club meeting at Kennington Oval, on April 26th, close on Saturday to the Hon. Sec. Mr. T. C. Budd, 2, The Terrace, Barnes. They consist of a ten miles scratch race and a one mile handicap, both of which should be well patronised.

On Monday next, at the Agricultural Hall, Corkey, Hazael, Blower Brown, and Weston start for the six days' champion belt, held by the first-named. All four are reported well, but Corkey must have done some hardish work if he be fit, judging by his condition three weeks since.

The public schools racquet matches take place this week, but as they are not concluded I cannot give the result until my next. Haileybury, R. V. and H. Steward; Winchester, F. A. Jones and T. H. J. Chitty; Rugby, C. F. H. Leslie and W. G. Streetfield; Marlborough, T. H. A. Law and H. Leach; Harrow, M. C. Kempe and Hon. A. de Moleyns; Cheltenham, W. C. Tonge and R. B. Muir; Eton, J. D. Cobbold and C. T. Studd; and Wellington, H. Y. Beale and H. M. R. Menzies are the entries, Eton being the holders.

Collins's billiard tournament at the Aquarium resulted on Saturday last in a win for Joseph Bennett, scratch, who then had to play his tie off with G. Hunt, 85 points, they having each won six out of seven games. It was a fine game, the ex-champion winning by 69 points in one hour forty minutes.

Young John Roberts has returned to England, and is soon to the fore with a challenge to concede 200 points in 3,000, on a championship table, for a hundred sovs. a side. His cartel has been taken up by Joseph Bennett, and they play within a month.

Despite the unfavourable weather, the competitors in the coming great matches both on the Thames and Tyne are doing their level best to get fit. I fancy Spencer, if he really means it, will beat Kimpster; and Nicholson, I think, will be too good for Emmett.

A list, comprising no fewer than sixty-seven athletic meetings which have been decided since my last, lies before me, and I think I may be reasonably pardoned a wish that I could for one week at least be absolved from treating of any of them. Brighton meeting was far from a success, and will always remain such until strangers have a fair chance in the handicaps; whilst the Tunbridge Wells were just the reverse, the old Oxonian, O. R. Coote, being the moving spirit. At Arundel, Witney, Coventry, Godalming, Newmarket, Oxford, Leatherhead, Dublin, Woodbridge, Colleshill, Oundle, Weston-super-Mare, Radcliffe, Bournemouth, and heaps of other places *réunions* were also decided, but to avoid giving offence I shall not particularise any of them.

Even at Newcastle bowling has been at a discount owing to the severity of the weather.

Nottingham Forest journeyed north of the Tweed on Saturday last to meet the Glasgow Rangers, but were doomed to defeat, being beaten by three goals to one. On the other hand, the Queen's Park (Glasgow) came south and met the Manchester Wanderers at Cottonopolis, the Scots winning with ridiculous ease by four goals to *nil*. Birmingham also went to Ayr on the same day, and gave the local team a thrashing, after a fine game, by two goals to one.

Another long distance championship has been started, Professor Beckwith having offered prizes valued at £100, to be swam for in a six days' championship swimming match at the Lambeth Baths, from Monday, May 19, to Saturday, May 25, to swim from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. I hear both Captain Webb and Willie Beckwith have already sent their entries.

Rowell has returned from America with the belt won by O'Leary, and richer by some £6,000. Surely this is quite enough reward for him, and I for one cannot appreciate the hero worship of those who endeavour to gain for themselves, and him, a bubble reputation. To sum him up, Rowell is but "a jolly young waterman," turned pedestrian, on whom fortune has smiled with extra bounty, and yet his followers would place him on a pedestal and banquet him like some distinguished warrior or statesman who had benefited not himself but the world in general.

William Gale, everyone in the sporting world knows, is a marvellous walker and a genuine champion. He is now attempting a feat before which every past performance pales, viz., to walk 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours, traversing five furlongs per quarter of an hour for seven weeks, Sundays excepted, and yet with the exception of the leading journal, the old sleepless one, the sporting papers proper almost entirely ignore him; *verb. sap.* I am accompanying him as a judge and can guarantee the genuineness of the competition. We finished our first fortnight at Nottingham on Saturday evening last, and before I take leave of the lace town I beg, with permission of my editor, to thank Mr. Bell, of the Cremorne Hotel, and his family, for their kind attention to Gale, "Exon," and his fellow judge. On Sunday evening we journeyed over to Leicester, where we were met by Mr. Buchanan, the obliging proprietor of the Victoria Rink, where we remain for a fortnight. We have had on the whole wretched weather, but Gale, I am happy to state, is very well, and continues faithfully to turn out and perform the task he has set himself, in the presence of a select company.

EXON.

We have received from Messrs. Carter a valuable little pamphlet on the making and renovating of lawns, which possessors of gardens will do well to procure. It deals with the preparation of ground, manure, seed-sowing, general management, weeding, and treatment for special conditions, such as lawns under the boughs of trees, lawns for croquet and cricket, and the renovation of old lawns, &c.

THE women's walk at New York was brought to a close after 143 hours' duration. Of the eighteen starters, five finished, as follows:—Miss Bertha Von Berg, 372 miles 1 lap; Miss Bella Kilbury, of Hoboken, N.J., 351 miles 5 laps; Mrs. Ada Wallace, of New York, 336 miles 6 laps; Mrs. Rosa Von Klamasch, 300 miles; Mrs. Sarah Tobias, of New York, 292 miles 6 laps.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## CRAY-FISHING IN BERKSHIRE WATERS.

By "THE RIVERSIDE STROLLER."

HAVING recently been on a voyage of discovery as to the angling capabilities of certain Berkshire streams, some of which have a rising reputation amongst London anglers, whilst other had only local recommendations for being "very fishy," I found myself, towards the end of July, at the house of a friend, who, though not one of the "gentle brotherhood," was pretty well posted in the ways of the craft. He voted angling too slow for his temperament—he "couldn't understand how a fellow could potter about for hours at one spot by the riverside, unless he was sure of a succession of takes." For his part, he thought there was some fun in cray-fishing, where you count takes by the hundred. Had I ever tried my hand at it? No, I had not. Well, what did I say to having a turn on Thursday night, which would be the 1st of August, and the day for the commencement of the legitimate cray-fishing "season"? Of course, I would; but why at night? Then I learnt that the cray-fish did not "move" till dusk, and the largest were seldom to be caught till it was quite dark. So it was arranged that "mine host" should provide the requisite tackle and bait, together with the services of a youth known as "Groggy" to carry the pail and the lantern, together with the spoil—if we got any. Miniature "freshwater lobsters" (by the way mere babies in comparison with the "spiny lobster" of the rocky sea-coast, for the crayfish, or *Astacus fluviatilis*, must not be confounded with the *craw*-fish, or *Palinurus guttatus*, though Webster, usually so accurate, even as to natural history

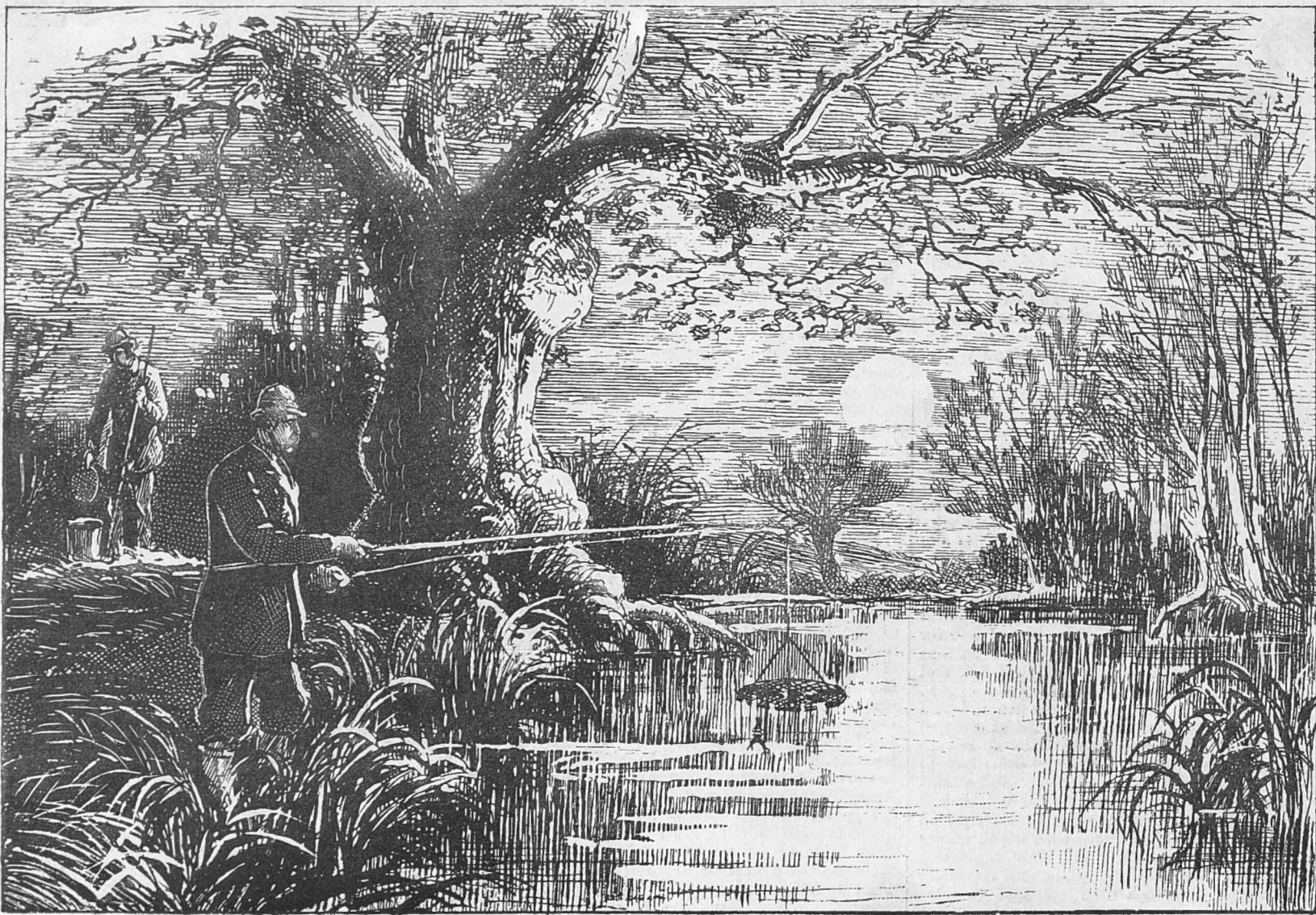
definitions, gives both names, *craw* and *cray* fish, as identical species.

When the time arrived, I found that my Berkshire friend had secured the exclusive right, "for that night only," to the waterside boundary of the garden of the Old Dog Inn on "Shaw Water," a piece of ground hemmed in by trees and washed on two sides by a fast running stream, full, as many of the Berkshire rivers are, of long, tough, ribbon-like water weed. However objectionable this ever present weed may be to the angler, the excellent cover it provides for the cray-fish possibly accounts for the superabundance of these animals "round and about that quarter," though the woodwork of old bridges and the crevices in stone work are said to be their favourite haunts. The tackle consisted of a dozen heavy iron rings about 14in. in diameter. Across each flat watch-glass shaped nets were stretched, with bits of leather in the centre on which to fix the bait. Each ring was suspended by three strings to a length of water-cord wound round a wooden peg. The bait consisted of half a bloater or a lump of bullock liver, but I was informed the liver of a fawn was by far the most attractive bait the cray-fisher could employ.

All being ready, we proceeded to the lower end of the stream. My friend then pointed out that it was necessary to work "up stream," for if one "put in" at the top of the water and worked down, the splash and concussion of the rings would be carried down by the running water, and so telegraph to the cray fish, which are very sensitive and cautious. Thus it was net after net was swung upon the end of a forked pole, and dropped silently into the water, at intervals of five or six yards' distance, wherever an opening amongst the trees afforded access to the water, as we walked up the stream, the position of each net being indicated by thrusting the terminal peg into the ground through a square of thick white paper. This scheme saved a

deal of searching out for the stations when the night grew dark, as it very soon did, and we had to grope our way cautiously along the river bank. Having laid all our traps, we returned to the starting-point, when my friend withdrew the peg and gently slipping the fork of the rod under the string, he quickly but steadily lifted the first net, and with a deft motion swung it over the mouth of the pail, where "Groggy" tilted three small captives into that metallic receptacle; whereupon commenced such a scratching and scrunching as could only be represented by 500 blackbeetle-power. So we proceeded up the stream, sometimes finding more, at other points no captives; here a run of larger, there only small fry, till in the course of a few rounds we discovered "the lay" of the crayfish, and thereupon put our ntes closer together at those stations which gave the best yield. As the night grew darker, the averagesize of the captives became bigger, and we also found we were receiving the marked attention of numberless bats, attracted to our presence doubtlessly by the glare from "Groggy's" lantern. Once we were startled by the uncanny guttural, long-protracted whur-r-r-r-r-wur of a pair of night-jars or goatsuckers, that afterwards over and over again swooped close in front of our eyes. Just upon half-past ten our host informed us it was time for him to close house and grounds, as both were under license. On counting over our spoil we found we had bagged, or rather "impaled," sixty-six crayfish, both great and small.

As the result of our first night's work did not satisfy my friend's ideas upon the matter of good sport in cray-fishing, he proposed a run over to Radcot, near Faringdon, where he knew of a spot prolific in these freshwater crustacea. Those whose notions of favourable weather for an outing might be formed on a rising barometer and a bright, sunny day would have objected to my friend's weather-wisdom, for heavy bank of black clouds encumbered the horizon, the heat was



CRAY FISHING.

oppressive, the mercury was cupped at its surface, and falling somewhat rapidly. Instead of twelve, just double the number of nets were provided, and of somewhat larger diameter than those previously employed. As these nets were already baited with red herrings, our vehicle was pervaded by "an ancient and fish-like smell," which proved more attractive to the domestic quadrupeds we encountered on our road than to its biped occupants. Waterproof coats and hats, with cow-hide knee-boots, constituted important items of our costume, for I was warned rough work was before us at the end of our thirty miles' drive, if, as my friend hoped, we should be favoured with a thundery night. Soon we were bowling along a good old-fashioned road, with quaint nooks and corners turning up unexpectedly to the right and left of us; here, wildernesses of gardens; there, high-gabled cottages, or formal red-brick almshouses, more aged in aspect than their inhabitants. After a while the range of Lambourne Downs burst upon our view. Next came "Ridge Way" and the Vale of the White Horse. On we drove, past Challow, Stanford, Shillingford, and so to Faringdon, where we stepped out to mount a pony trap we had hired to carry us and our impedimenta to and from our hunting-ground at Radcot. The sky was as stormy in aspect as the most inveterate cray-fisher could desire, and ere we reached the end of our three miles' drive we heard thunder rumbling above the hill-tops.

By eight o'clock we had commenced putting down the baited nets, and as we proceeded I noticed the river bed was more encumbered with debris of stone-work, old timber, and the roots of trees, and that the water was shallower and did not run so fast as at Shaw Water. Whilst giving our lures time to attract the coveted spoil I accompanied a farmer who had joined us to see a trap of another description "lifted" from an adjacent run of water that passed through his land. This trap consisted of a

sheaf of straw and withies, tied somewhat loosely at the ends but tighter in the middle where the bait, in the form of the entrails of a freshly-killed rabbit, had been fixed. This sheaf had been laying in the water undisturbed for two days, and when raised by means of rope and prong and sharply swung upon the bank, on being cut open was found to be crammed with crayfish, large and small. As soon as I returned to our own ground, my friend and I began to lift the nets. By this time it was just upon nine o'clock, and sheet lightning at intervals illumined the sky far and near with flickering purple flashes. The first haul proved the prolific character of the water, for the nets were heavy with spoil, the average size of the crayfish being much larger than those we obtained on the previous occasions. As my friend instilled the necessity for making the most of our time, as we had come so far afield for our sport, the fun soon became fast and furious, some nets at favourite stations coming up with as many as twenty-six crayfish at one haul, as I took the trouble to prove by counting, for as a rule we shovelled the contents of our nets into the pail without loss of time. And so the game went on till a distant church-clock solemnly announced the advent of midnight. As our sack was nearly full, and large drops of rain began to fall freely, we thought it better to rest content with our spoil and beat a retreat before the threatening storm burst upon us in its promised fury. Nets, pails, and spoil were quickly packed, and we were soon speeding back to Faringdon. Arrived at our destination, late as it was, I could not rest content till I had satisfied my curiosity as to the absolute extent of our night's take. On counting heads I found we had netted just upon one thousand crayfish within three hours from the time of lifting our first net, whilst as to size my friend informed me that they would average five shillings per hundred on the spot, probably a

higher if sold to a Bond-street fishmonger. As the female crayfish is said to produce an average of 100,000 eggs at each breeding season, its cultivation would indicate a subject worthy of the attention of proprietors who hold sway over suitable streams.

## FINDING A TIGER IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

Hunting trips in the Indian jungle entail no small degree of preparation. Stalwart skeekarries have to be got together, all sturdy men and tried; baggage ponies to be loaded with tents, carpets, blankets, cooking apparatus, rice-bags, &c.; dogs to be got, huge creatures of enormous strength; and a store of provisions, with coolies for their conveyance, to say nothing of the drinks and the packing thereof. Then there are rifles to be selected, examined, and fitted with ammunition; and, finally, maps to be consulted, and routes to be agreed upon. The jungle has its glories of gorgeous birds and butterflies and luxurious vegetation, but during the intense heat of the day it seems to the Englishman's ear strangely still. There is no chorus of rejoicing birds, no whispering of light breezes amongst quivering leaves, but in their place an entire absence of motion and a profound silence. Every living creature seeks refuge from the oppressive sun in the deepest and coolest recesses of the forest, and the exhausted hunter is glad to avail himself of the grateful shade afforded by rock or tree, beneath which he and his companions are more than glad to rest and refresh. As the day advances nature appears to awaken from a noon-day nap. The voices of birds and the humming of insects, with a world of varied sounds, blend to give animation to the scene, and as the sun sets the croaking of frogs, shrill chirps of swarming crickets, the whooping and chattering of monkeys, shrieks of jackals, howls of hyenas, cries of bats, trumpeting of elephants, barking of buck elks, and



now and then the distant roars of a prowling tiger, give the scene a character altogether fresh and sensational. But the hour at which the Indian forest shows at its best and loveliest is that of early morning, when dew-drops sparkle and gleam with prismatic colours, and the colours of the vegetation have wondrous purity and brilliance. Night comes; and then in such a scene as we have feebly attempted to suggest rather than depict, under its varying conditions of morning, noon, and evening, the wary and experienced Indian hunter listens for the sounds which indicate the movements of the larger animals prowling in search of prey. At last, in a low voice, he whispers "Bagh-hy!" (a tiger). Not a leaf stirs or a sound is heard, and the less experienced woodland wanderer might put aside the idea as false; but presently there comes a

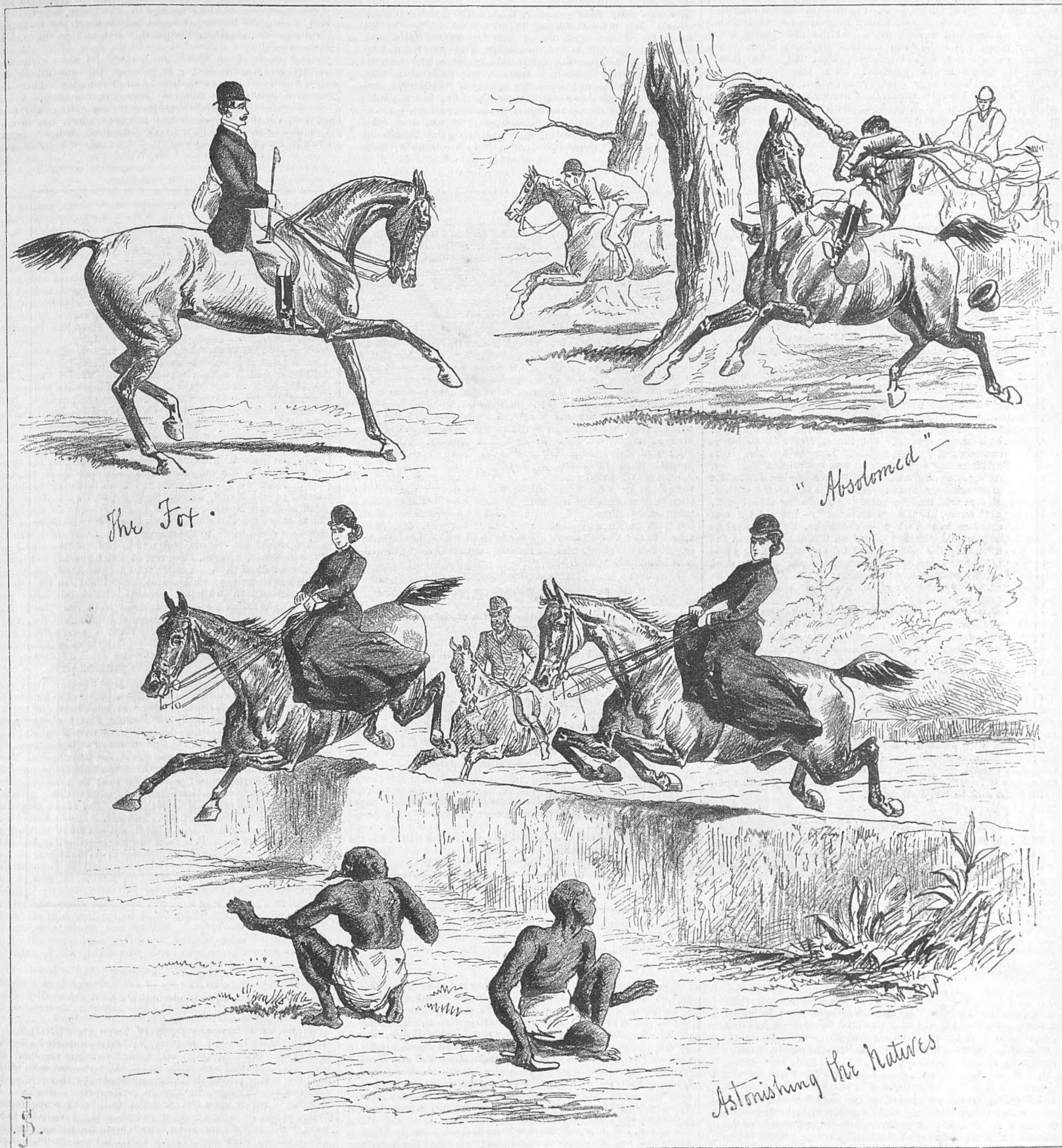
deer leaping by the spot from which the sounds proceeded, and then, with a sudden spring from the tangled brushwood in which it had so long lain in ambush, forth darts the tiger on its victim.

#### SCENES FROM "MADAME FAVART."

We have reserved these sketches of M. Offenbach's *Madame Favart*, taken from the original performance, until the production of the piece in London, and readers may have an opportunity of contrasting the original with the adaptation; a comparison which will scarcely be found to the disadvantage of the little house in the Strand. The English representation is treated in other columns, both as a novelty and by the "Captious Critic," and to say more of it on the present occasion would, therefore, be quite superfluous.

#### A PAPER CHASE IN INDIA.

Just now, while we at home have been enjoying the exciting pleasures of fox-hunting, we cannot help feeling pity for those less fortunate countrymen of ours, who, stationed in the plains of India, have to console themselves with reading the accounts of runs in the English sporting papers, and with the poor substitute for the actual chase in the form of mounted paper-chases. For all efforts to keep hounds healthy in an ordinary hot station in the plains during the summer have proved futile, and jackals as a rule give very poor runs, as they make at once for dry water-courses, etc., which renders riding after them more uncomfortable than exciting. Therefore, of late, it has come into fashion to have paper-chases about once a week. A meet is arranged at



INDIAN PAPER-CHASE.

some convenient place and time; a well-mounted gentleman is sent off as "fox," who picks out his own line of country, leaving a trail of torn paper where he goes, and after a fair interval the field sets off after him. The fox, of course, often leads his followers over some queer jumps, and will often go out of his way to find a clump of trees surrounded by a mud bank, into which he may lead them, and bring about the discomfiture of some unwary rider in the manner shown in the drawing. Paper-chases are generally very popular amongst the ladies, who often show the astonished and admiring natives what Englishwomen are up to in the sporting line. The sketches from which our engraving is made were supplied by a correspondent in India.

#### WILL HE CLEAR IT?

To Mr. Sturgeess's query the answer seems to be "most likely not." The manner in which a horse gets his hind quarters over an obstacle which, to the lookers-on, appears certain to throw him down is very remarkable; but the horse in the sketch has hardly enough steam on to save a cropper, nor does the rider on his back look much like a real workman. Perhaps the horse is tired, and if so the rider has at any rate had good pluck to go at this awkward jump; for the plank before the stile covers a wide ditch, and such a cutting is very much more

awkward on the taking off than on the landing side. But pluck is not everything, though, no doubt, a very valuable ingredient in the composition of the qualities which go to make up a good rider to hounds. The chances are a great many to one that the horse who has only just missed the top bar with his fore feet will catch his hind legs and roll over into the field, giving his rider a very nasty fall. Many of us know how hard a horse will hit a bar with all four legs, and yet save the fall that seemed inevitable, and our friend in the picture may escape. Probably, however, he would have been nearer up at the finish had he avoided the awkward stile, and spent a few minutes in searching for a gap, or a weak place in the fence.



## LADIES CELEBRATED IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.— No. VI.—THE HON. MRS. MALONE.

It would be difficult to say at what age Miss Buller first made her way with ease and security to the other side of a fence, found the operation exceedingly agreeable, and determined to repeat it at the first possible opportunity. It is certain, however, that as quite a child the subject of our illustration displayed all the courage and much of the skill for which she has since become remarkable among "Ladies Celebrated in the Hunting Field." Her residence then was at Chevenage, in Gloucestershire, a district where any one with a love of sport can always find abundant chances of gratifying it. In 1874 the Hon. Mrs. Malone—who is a sister of Lord Churston—was married to Captain Malone, of Barons-town, late of the 12th Lancers, and, having gone to reside in Ireland, found the West Meath and Meath the most convenient packs within easy reach, and has hunted almost exclusively with them. Mrs. Malone has not the faintest prejudice with regard to the sort of fences that are to be found in the countries where she hunts. Timber or water, bullfinches or walls, Mrs. Malone "takes them as they come" in the most literal sense of the term. Nor is she in the slightest degree particular as to the sort of horses she may be called upon to ride, always provided that they can gallop and jump. A horse very speedily finds out that when Mrs. Malone's hands are on the reins it is most desirable, and in the highest degree wise, to do his best, and a horse is very much too intelligent an animal not to take a hint and act upon it. Withal Mrs. Malone is extremely fond of and kind to horses, who appear to reciprocate her attachment to them, and do their very best to place her where she likes to be—in the front of the van. Of course accidents will happen, and we are not sure whether it was Mrs. Malone, or her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Greville-Nugent, who had a very nasty fall, broke two ribs, remounted, and finished the race—an act of courage which surely has few parallels. Lady Parker's plucky riding, with a broken collar-bone, is the only similar instance with which we are acquainted. Three days a week—with a decided preference for six, if possible—Mrs. Malone never fails to hunt when in Ireland; and she differs from the majority of ladies who ride, in having a keen appreciation of what hounds are doing. To say that the Hon. Mrs. Malone is as courageous as she is skilful in the saddle is to use superlative terms of admiration, but nevertheless simply a bare record of the true state of the case. As a horsewoman the Hon. Mrs. Malone shines conspicuously among the very best riders that Ireland can produce, and we have great pleasure in including her in the gallery of Ladies Celebrated in the Hunting Field.

## THE HARRIERS OF MR. HICKS, M.P.

For many years past country gentlemen in Cambridgeshire have generally been at pains to provide sport for their friends, tenants, and neighbours, and the present member for the county, Mr. Edward Hicks, is certainly not the sort of man to let so excellent a custom fall into desuetude. Long before Mr. Hicks had any Parliamentary aspirations he was known as a Master of Harriers, having succeeded a former M.P., the late Mr. J. P. Allix in his seat in the saddle, as more recently in his seat for the county. Of the gentleman who may be called the originator of this pack, "The Druid" wrote, in "Silk and Scarlet":—"Peter Allix was a first-rate performer, and where he should be. By his friend he was familiarly called 'Scratch-face,' as, if a weak place in the fence was not handy, he would rather take a bullfinch than lose his ground." For some years after the death of this most popular man, his brother, the "Waterloo Colonel," hunted the country, and it was under his régime that the present Member began to figure prominently.

After Colonel Allix, for some years Flack managed the hounds under Mr. Hicks' direction, but on the death of Flack the present Master took the whole duty upon himself. Bonny Lass, Foreman, Brevity, and Buxom, Joker, Tuskie, and other hounds—representatives, many of them, of the best blood in the kingdom—have helped to make the reputation of Mr. Hicks' harriers. During the last season it is needless to say that the weather has interfered sadly with sport; but in 1876-77 and 1877-8 these harriers rarely had a bad day. Since January, when Mr. Hicks had the honour of being returned unopposed, he has been frequently prevented, by Parliamentary duties, from getting out with his own pack. This has, however, in no way interfered with his hounds; and though "the Squire" may be missed, it cannot be doubted that Cambridgeshire electors will appreciate the sacrifice he makes in abandoning sport in order to fulfil the task he has undertaken.

## AFTER A MOUNTAIN STORM.

Mountain scenery is perhaps even more beautiful in wet and stormy weather than in fine. To see the ragged masses of clouds veiling the mountain tops and sweeping in gloomy majesty along their rugged sides, giving now and then gleams of sunny slopes beyond or beneath them through wind torn openings, or to mark the rainbow's prismatic charms of colour relieved so brilliantly against their soft grey folds, is delightful. The peasant, smoking at his cottage window, is evidently enjoying some such glorious prospect, and the children have come out to share his pleasure in their more sportive mood, of which even the goats partake—after a mountain storm.

## HUMOURS OF THE SPRING.

Spring-time in merry England has been sung by poets in many a winsome lay, and by Tom Hood the elder in an ode more nearly akin to the spirit in which Mr. Blachford has treated it in our page of varied sketches. Robert Browning, under the sunny sky of Italy, wrote:—

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,

and dwelling on the delights of spring envied "whoever wakes in England to see the brushwood sheaf round the elm-tree bole in tiny leaf," &c., &c. But during the present month we fancy many of us must have varied the burden of the poet's yearning to:—

Oh, to be out of England  
Now that April's here,

for north-east winds and icy showers have so far not contributed over largely to our enjoyment of "spring's delights." Winter time is past, yet winter lingers still, as loath to leave as the spring seems loath to come.

## MR. GEORGE FOX.

The subject of our illustration was born in Houghton-street, Strand, at the beginning of the year 1847, and ten years later began the career of a professional vocalist. That such a young man should be able to speak of over twenty years' experience will seem strange; but so it is. Amongst other boyish engagements, for some time he sang at Lincoln's Inn Church, and made his first appearance on the stage at the Royalty Theatre as the Fool in *King Lear* when he was thirteen years old. Soon after this Master Fox's voice, of course, broke. But he had

musical ability which did not depend upon the condition of his larynx, and was enabled to earn a livelihood by playing the pianoforte or violin, as circumstances rendered most remunerative. Having always had a fancy for the stage, however, at 17 years of age Mr. George Fox obtained an engagement at the Marylebone Theatre as "utility"; and on the return of his voice was raised to the vague, but possibly dignified, position of "singing walking gentleman," a term which implies performance in farce, tragedy, comedy, burlesque, melodrama, opera, ballet, &c., &c. Mr. Fox was then alternately actor, vocalist, violinist, pianist, organist, and had a prospect of a paying engagement offered, would have been ready to paint scenes or play the trombone; and it may be added, there is abundant reason to suppose that whatever he did he would have done well. In 1870 he made his first bow as an English opera singer in the part of Corrigan in Sir Julius Benedict's admirable opera, *The Lily of Killarney*. His upward progress was rapid, and one day Mr. Fox's singing attracted the attention of Mr. Sims Reeves—need we add, no mean judge—who has since then remained the young baritone's heartiest friend. Mr. Reeves engaged his protégé for his tour of ballad opera, and whenever the great tenor appears in this species of entertainment, Mr. Fox may almost invariably be found, an engagement for next September showing that Mr. Reeves has not yet regretted his choice. Perhaps Mr. Fox's most notable performance hitherto has been his singing of "Elijah" at Exeter Hall, and his success he attributes mainly to the patient and invaluable lessons his generous friend and mentor gave him. Such instances of kindness are not often known to the public, but Mr. Reeves's friends could mention many similar ones. Mr. Fox—who is, by the way, entirely self-taught, both as regards harmony and orchestration (a remarkable natural aptitude giving him success where nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand fail)—now chiefly devotes himself to concert singing and composition. A wonderfully humorous and appropriate setting of Nursery Rhymes, though not one of his principal works perhaps, must not be omitted from the list, which includes the popular cantata, "The Jackdaw of Rheims" (a setting of the "Ingoldsby Legend"), "The Bells," "John Gilpin" (a new and very successful composition), two Masses, Christmas Carols, and some sixty or seventy songs. Mr. Fox has done much good work, and better still may be confidently anticipated.

## FOXES IN TREES.

The correspondents who have been good enough to write on this subject are begged to accept hearty thanks for their kind communications; but they will be the first to admit that the question of "Foxes in Trees" may now be regarded as finally settled. A concurrence of testimony as to the existence of the "phenomenon"—if so it pleases the incredulous to term it—has been adduced, no less an authority than the Duke of Beaufort, a Master, and, in Masonic phrase, a Past Master, of the sport, having been good enough to record his experiences, extending over a period not far short of half a century. His Grace's long and interesting letter in the last number of this journal must be taken as having set the matter at rest. A man who has never seen a fox in a tree may express his doubts that foxes are ever found there; but his doubts are no more than the expression of a belief. A man who has seen foxes in trees, on the other hand, does not deal with beliefs and doubts, but with simple and solid facts. As it happens, Mr. Moore, whose drawings frequently appear in these pages, has a personal experience to record, and his forcible manner of doing so will be noted in another place.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS).

### BIG JUMPS.

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure the most interesting series of letters that have appeared in your paper on the subject of "Foxes in Trees." I could have sent you one or two instances from personal observation, but think that when so undeniable an authority as the Duke of Beaufort has spoken there is no more to be said. It occurs to me, however, that you may be able and perhaps willing to afford me some information on a point concerning which I am particularly anxious to have some authentic details, viz., the measurement of jumps which horses have cleared, either in the hunting-field or in steeple-chases. Perhaps you would very kindly permit this letter to appear in your columns—I need hardly use the conventional term "valuable columns," for I fancy the value of your paper must be felt by all your readers. Possibly some of your numerous correspondents might have the goodness to tell me what I want to know. I may add that I desire the information for the purpose of proving certain facts with regard to the structure and capacity of various quadrupeds, native and foreign. I am told that in no country of the world are there to be found more wonderful instances of a horse's powers of something approaching not distantly to flight; but the answers I have received to questions about Flying Childers and other famous jumpers vary very much in important details, and I am desirous of starting at least on well-assured premises. If you can help me I shall be greatly obliged, and beg to remain, sir, yours obediently,

INQUIRER.

SIR,—If you care to publish the following story, for which I can vouch, you are welcome:—An uncle of mine living in Edinburgh had a horse called "Tommy;" and, being a golfer, he often had occasion to drive him to Musselburg. About half-way there is a village called Jock's Lodge, which boasts of an inn, and one day Tommy was regaled with a pint of bitter ale, which he much relished. Since that day he most obstinately refuses to pass the inn without his refresher. A friend of mine not knowing Tommy's proclivities once drove him down the same road, and nearing Jock's Lodge, Tommy showed signs of stopping. My friend laid on the whip. "Tommy kicked. Confound the brute, what's up?" cried my friend. "Yer want git by ere, till he's had his wet," a yokel who was looking on explained, and his prophecy turned out correct. The horse was well known for his drinking propensities and hatred of the whip.—Yours, &c.,  
London, 16th April, 1879.

It is the intention of the Race Committee to do their utmost to improve the Durham course, and recently Mr. John Osborne, of Ashgill, attended Durham, and went over the running track with the Race Committee. Under Mr. Osborne's advice the Race Committee have extended the rails of the town turn further towards the baths, and have thus modified the sharpness of the angle at which the turn was negotiated, whilst it will, by the taking in of something like one hundred yards of additional ground, enable the light-weight jockeys to recover themselves and be ready for the turn at the cricket field turn, which, as a rule, in the former shape of the course, they were not able to be.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS instantly relieve and rapidly cure Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Phlegm, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, and taste pleasantly. Sold by all druggists at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box.—[Adv.]

## THE DRAMA.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Wills's new play in five acts, *Ellen; or, Lord's Cunning*, was produced for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday evening. In an "historical explanation" appended to the programme the public are informed that the period of this play is placed in the year 1746, when Charles, grandson of the English king, James II. (called by his enemies the young Pretender, by his followers, Prince Charlie), made a daring invasion of Scotland and England. Having raised an army in the Highlands he actually marched to Derby. Here the chiefs of his army seemed to have lost their heads, and, contrary to his wish, retreated back to Scotland, and from this retreat his cause was virtually lost. The Government aroused themselves. The Duke of Cumberland, brother to King George, was hastily summoned from the Continent, and pitched his camp at Nairn, to await reinforcements. It was then that the Pretender, hoping to take him by surprise, planned a night march upon the Duke from Culloden, but he was foiled in this last gallant effort. The Duke was secretly apprised of it, and the demoralised Highland army were dropping about the roads from sheer exhaustion, hunger, and want of sleep. In this state the Duke's army came upon them, and massacred them in thousands, the Prince escaping with nothing but life. At this period there was a large advent of the persecuted Jesuits into England; while at the moment the play is laid many were imprisoned, banished, and in imminent danger of their lives. The public will no doubt be grateful for that scrap of history, but we cannot say that it does much to help us to understand Mr. Wills's play, which, although, in five acts, leaves the audience considerably mystified as to the motives governing his leading characters.

The story of "Ellen" runs as follows:—Ellen McCail is the daughter of an old curiosity-dealer in Scotland, and she has had certain love passages with Walter North, an officer in the Pretender's army, which have seriously compromised her in the eyes of her father and friends. North, it seems, has left a letter signed by two credible witnesses that the girl is innocent, but in the meantime she is considered guilty, and her father is glad when a Mr. Thomas Pye, a vainglorious and mendacious gentleman, who is always bragging about being entrusted with State secrets, is willing to marry her, and, as he phrases it, make an honest woman of her. North, however, comes in disguise, and would be taken but for the warning given him by a Jesuit priest, the Abbé Plaque, an old tutor of Ellen's. Foreseeing, apparently, that Walter North will get into mischief again, the Abbé obtains a promise from the authorities that North's life shall be spared if certain information is afforded them. This the Abbé proceeds to obtain by making Ellen coax it out of her lover, while the Jesuit is concealed behind the tapestry. North then rushes off into the arms of Cumberland's soldiers who have followed him, and he turns and somewhat illogically denounces Ellen as a traitress—why, we are at a loss to conceive. Then comes the fatal fight of Culloden, and North, who appears to have taken part in it, is pardoned, as arranged by the Abbé; but he disdains life on such terms, and once more denounces Ellen. Next we find her wounded from throwing herself between Pye and North, who are fighting, and when she is on the point of death North very unwillingly consents to marry her. The moment the ceremony is over this utterly incomprehensible heroine revives, much to the disgust, as it seems, of her newly-made husband and friends, and much, also, to the astonishment of the audience. North, however, at last takes her to his arms, and the whole of the characters turn to the Abbé, proclaiming him to be the traitor; while on that individual's owning the soft impeachment with becoming humility, the curtain falls. Such is the plot as far as it can be gathered from the chaotic fragments in which the story is presented to the audience, and it cannot be said to be a strong one. There is good writing in the piece, but the story is so hazy that all interest in it dies away, and the revival of the heroine in the last act is a ludicrous anticlimax sufficient to ruin a much more powerful play.

The acting was exceedingly good. Miss Florence Terry needs more strength and experience for such a part as the heroine, but her impersonation was not wanting in tenderness and truth to nature. Mr. Charles Kelly as Thomas Pye, a character that reminds us of the Gascon, as depicted in Charrin's ballad, played with infinite humour, and showed amusing self-possession even when his splendid mendacity was discovered and exposed. Those who had seen Mr. Anson play in French would be prepared for sound art in his picture of the Abbé Plaque; the actor indeed had a remarkable grip of the character, though the author's intentions regarding it were exceedingly puzzling. Mr. Howe played old McCail with his accustomed skill, and Mr. Norman Forbes gave us a clever specimen of the almost extinct art of making-up. The character of Lady Breezy, a thorough-going Jacobite lady, such an one as we imagine Clementina Walkinshaw to have been when she won the Prince Charlie's heart at Bannockburn, was played, with a charming air of distinction, by Miss Blanche Henri, while Miss Abingdon was piquant and pretty as Ellen's foster-sister. *Ellen* was well put upon the stage; and all that careful and intelligent acting could do for it was at the service of the author. But it needs revision and compression, and the story must be made clearer, or future audiences will see no reason to reverse the verdict of the first night, which was by no means unanimously favourable.

### ROYALTY THEATRE.

Confessedly an adaptation, *Crutch and Toothpick* might very well pass as a farcical comedy of home growth. Indeed, to such an extent has the adapter, Mr. Sims, imparted a London tone to his work that nearly all traces of its origin are lost. The play is not intended as a satire on the idle *jennisse dorée* of to-day, nor is it apparent that the apotheosis of either of those indispensable ornaments to modern civilisation is reached. In order to illustrate upon the stage the mistake of a man content to live upon his wife's fortune endeavouring to earn his livelihood, much ridicule has to be heaped upon the person who toils. The business man accordingly turns his son-in-law's house upside down, separates husband from wife, and determines to marry his second daughter to an advertising tailor. Opening a letter addressed to his son-in-law, the alderman believes he has discovered that his daughter has been deceived. The young wife is easily persuaded of her husband's faithlessness, and the husband, as is necessary for the progress of the play, refuses to declare his innocence. After some hesitation he determines to work, and in the last act overwhelms his wife and father-in-law with shame and indignation by appearing as a commercial traveller, on intimate terms with another equally undesirable "gentleman of the road." The innocence of the husband is made apparent at the last moment, and the Alderman, rather illogically disgusted with business men, not only withdraws all objections to his son-in-law's idle life, but gives his second daughter to another member of the "Toothpick Brigade," and promises to buy another crutch-stick in place of the one which the would-be business man had unnecessarily broken at the end of the second act. The play considered as a farce is a success. The humour, which for the most part is developed through puns,



extravagant even for burlesque, is broader than we are accustomed nowadays to listen to in comedy. At the same time, though the captious may cavil at Mr. Sims' want of taste, there is not the slightest taint either of impropriety or indelicacy. The underplot rises almost to comedy. The blunders committed by a peccunious young gentleman, who endeavours to become a business man by speculating in oil and tallow, are skilfully contrived and felicitously elaborated. Indeed, were it not for an outrageous pun perpetrated here, we should have nothing but praise for Mr. Sims's conception of Cecil Leighton. The acting is decidedly good. Mr. Edgar Bruce is as easy and high-spirited as the part of Guy Devereux, the suspected husband, will allow. Mr. Lytton Sothem, as Cecil, is decidedly an acquisition to the company. His style and manner suggest somewhat the idiosyncracies of his famous father, but his subtle finesse and delicate humour give him ample claim to recognition as an original actor. Miss Lottie Venne is not fitted with a part in which she can illustrate all her talents, but she plays a subordinate rôle vivaciously. Miss Rose Cullen is clever and composed as the wife of Guy Devereux; Mr. Penley plays a small part with humour, but Mr. Groves, who may possibly be unaccustomed to a small theatre, is needlessly emphatic as the Alderman. On its first representation *Crutch and Toothpick* was received with much applause. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's musical folly, *The Zoo*, followed, and was, of course, heartily received.

#### FOLLY THEATRE.

*The Dragons* is the title chosen by Mr. H. Hersee for his English adaptation of the three act comic opera written by M. Maillart, to the libretto of MM. Lockroy and Cormon, *Les Dragons de Villars*.

Madame Selina Dolaro, who has entered upon the management of the Folly Theatre, wisely resisting the now too often irresistible temptation to cater solely for the "Crutch and Toothpick brigade," opened the season on Monday night with this opera, and from the warmth of the reception, as hearty as deserved, no less than from the brightness of the music and the care with which the opera has been placed upon the stage, we venture to predict a successful season for the pretty little theatre in King William-street. *The Dragons de Villars*, was originally produced at the Theatre Lyrique in Paris, in 1856, was reproduced at the Opera Comique in 1868, and found its way to this country in 1875, when it was performed by a French company at the Gaiety Theatre. The work has been ever popular in France, being the best of Aimé Maillart's productions. The music is throughout piquant, attractive, and abounding in melody; indeed, sometimes leaving the region of comic opera and invading the realms of grand opera, as in the celebrated prayer forming the finale to the second act. The orchestration is rich and scholarly, and in no way suffered at the hands of an excellent band under the able direction of Mr. B. Simmonds.

The action of the *Dragons de Villars* takes place in the village of Esterel, in the year 1704, during the war in the Cevennes. The story is thus summarised by the adapter:—

A band of fugitives have taken refuge in the grotto of St. Gratien, and amongst them is an old shepherd who had befriended Sylvain. The latter has promised to aid the fugitives to escape across the frontier, and is alarmed by the arrival of a troop of the terrible dragons of the Maréchal de Villars. They are led by Belamy, who becomes enamoured of Georgette, the wife of Thibaut, a jealous old farmer, and persuades her to guide him to a hermitage said to be haunted by the spirit of a deceased hermit, who rings his bell whenever any woman receives gallant advances from the opposite sex. The heroine of the piece (Rose Friquet) is an orphan living a lonely life, and shunned by the villagers, who are in fear of her ready wit and mockery. She promises Sylvain that she will help him to guide the fugitives to a place of safety, and while waiting for him at the hermitage she is startled by the arrival of Belamy and Georgette, whose tender *tête-à-tête* she interrupts by ringing the hermit's bell. Thibaut arrives in search of Georgette, who runs back to the village. Belamy conceals himself, and when the fugitives arrive he overhears the plan of escape unfolded to them by Rose. Sylvain, who has been struck with admiration at Rose's devotion to the suffering fugitives, and offers her his hand, which she accepts. On the following morning the wedding is about to take place, when Sylvain learns from Thibaut that the fugitives have been betrayed. Belamy admits to Thibaut that this information was derived from Rose. Sylvain overhears this, and when Rose arrives in bridal dress he repulses her and denounces her to the villagers as a treacherous spy. Her innocence is finally established by the production of a letter in which the fugitives announce that they have escaped across the frontier through her courageous assistance, and all ends happily.

Those who had been fortunate enough to witness Madame Dolaro's artistic interpretation of Carmen, were prepared for an equally fascinating representation of the wild and wayward, yet withal, warm hearted and self-sacrificing Rose Friquet, and the expectations must have been fully realised. In the rendering of such characters, Madame Dolaro is at present entirely without a rival upon the English stage, and though on this occasion suffering from a severe cold and hoarseness, for which indulgence was claimed, gave the sweet music entrusted to her with consummate taste and effect. The exquisite aria "Rose, I love thee, Sylvain said," was most deservedly encored, though for the above-mentioned reason the bright and effective scene which follows was necessarily omitted. Miss Alma Stanley perhaps did her best to fill the part of Georgette, but the result was not very satisfactory. Mr. Celli worthily sustained his previous reputation in English opera by his treatment of the part of Belamy, the dashing dragon, and gained well-deserved applause in the drinking song, "Pour out the bright Médoc;" while to Mr. C. J. Campbell was committed the task of rendering the tenor music of Sylvain. Mr. Campbell both acted and sang extremely well, an opportunity being afforded him of shewing his ability in the sweet air in G minor, "Ah, the time is sweet," an opportunity of which he thoroughly availed himself. Mr. Leslie was an efficient Thibaut, and minor parts were well filled by Messrs. Lynde, Mackenzie, and Howard. The scenery leaves nothing to be desired, especially noticeable being the ruined hermitage in the second act; and the dresses are bright and pretty. It is to be hoped, and it may be expected, that this attempt to raise the tone of comic opera, without in the slightest degree sacrificing its vivacity and spirit, may be successful. The opera is preceded by an amusing farce by Mr. B. Hilton, entitled *Heavy Fathers*, in which the principal characters are ably sustained by Mr. Nicholls, Messrs. E. S. Osborne and Wyatt, and Miss Minnie Marshall.

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The Olympic Theatre, the fortunes of which have lately been very variable, has now passed into the hands of Miss Fanny Josephs, and under her management we may have hopes for its future. Easter Monday witnessed a revival there of *A Woman of the People*, originally produced at the Olympic by Mlle. Beatrice and her company. That lady has since died, but the

company she formed is still in existence, under the management of Mr. Harvey, and to them the performance is entrusted. *A Woman of the People* needs no additional criticism; it is sufficient to say that it is in some parts both powerful and interesting, and it succeeds at any rate in gaining and keeping the attention of the audience. The principal character is now taken by Miss Eliza Saville, who makes her first appearance in London in this part. The lady is, we believe, related to Miss Helen Faucit, and though the late Mlle. Beatrice possessed certain special qualifications, notably the fact of being of French extraction, for the part, the new Woman of the People succeeded in creating a favourable impression, and was well received. Other characters were well sustained by Messrs. Frank Harvey, Edwards, and Ward, and the representation was warmly applauded by a large audience. The melodrama was succeeded by the amusing farce *Betty Martin*, in which Miss Charlotte Saunders appeared. We shall look forward with interest to Miss Fanny Josephs' next announcement.

#### IMPERIAL THEATRE.

The Imperial theatre at the Royal Aquarium was opened on Easter Monday by the Vokes family, and the entertainments presented were *A Rough Diamond* and *Fun in a Fog*. The farce was played with much spirit, the distribution of characters being as follows:—Sir William Evergreen, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Lord Plato, Mr. Belford; Captain Blenheim, Mr. Warren-Wright; Cousin Joe, Mr. Fred Vokes; Lady Plato, Miss Jessie Vokes; and Margery, Miss Victoria Vokes. Mr. Harcourt was somewhat hard, and both he and Mr. Wright, who seemed a complete novice, should speak louder in such a theatre as the Imperial. Miss Victoria made, as might be anticipated, a sufficiently lively "Rough Diamond," and her efforts were rewarded with frequent bursts of applause. *Fun in a Fog* followed, the fun of which consists in the representation of a militia captain on board a yacht perpetually on the verge of being ill. It is, in fact, a bustling and rather vulgar farce, the best thing in it being an imitation of an operatic duet, sung by Mr. Fred Vokes and his sister Victoria. The actor's dancing, too, was relished by the audience, but to those who have seen him before there is a great sameness about it, and we would counsel him to learn or invent some new dances. Mrs. Fred Vokes has much to learn before she can act with ease. The performances were received with applause by a large audience. It may be added that *She Stoops to Conquer* is now given in the evening at this theatre, with Miss Litton and her company.

#### SURREY THEATRE.

Mr. Holland has certainly spared neither pain nor expense to provide his patrons with an attractive entertainment for the Easter holidays. He has engaged Miss Heath and a strong company to present Mr. Wills's well-known drama, *Jane Shore*, which was so great a success at the Princess's. We need say no more of a drama that has received its due meed of criticism in these columns, save that the vigorous language and strong situations seemed to be as highly appreciated at the Surrey as elsewhere, and that it went remarkably well. Miss Heath was, of course, the hapless Jane, and gave us a pathetic and picturesque impersonation. She has evidently made a careful study of the part, and it fits her admirably. Mr. Carden played the Duke of Gloucester well, his somewhat abrupt and incisive elocution suiting the character. Mr. Price gave due effect to the part of Henry Shore, and Mr. William Rignold was an abundantly vigorous representative of the baker, John Grist. Miss Leigh was Queen Elizabeth, and the remaining characters were fairly sustained. The piece was capitally put upon the stage, and Mr. C. Brooke's scenery deserves a special word of praise. The drama was preceded by the familiar farce *Whitebait at Greenwich*, in which Mr. Harry Taylor kept the audience fully amused. The programme as a whole was much applauded, and Mr. Holland's fine theatre should certainly not lack patronage during his Easter season.

*The Girls*, Mr. Byron's new comedy at the Vaudeville, will be produced this evening (Saturday).

The name of the Aquarium Theatre has been altered to the Imperial, it is not easy to see why. No doubt some enterprising Radical will hint that it is part of the Imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

A spectacular drama entitled *Rorke's Drift; or, the Zulu War*, will be produced at Astley's on April 26th. One can hardly wish success to such a piece, for it is the height of bad taste to produce it while the war is going on.

*The Queen's Shilling* will be played at the Court Theatre this afternoon, with the Kendals and Mr. Hare in it.

Miss Marion Terry and Mrs. Arthur Lewis née Kate Terry, were present to witness Miss Florence Terry's appearance in *Ellen*; and a number of æsthetic youths with long unkempt hair and fierce moustaches went about murmuring how exquisite were all the works of Wills.

At the inaugural festival of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, performances of *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *As You Like It* will be given, with Mr. Barry Sullivan, Miss Helen Faucit, and Miss Wallis in the principal characters. Mr. Brandram will recite, and there will also be a concert of Shakesperian music.

The Gaiety Isandula benefit, on May 7th, will be under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and promises to be a great success.

Mr. Charles Collette is "starring" with *The Snowball* and *Love Wins*. He has been appearing at the Gaiety Theatre, West Hartlepool, during the past week as Felix Featherstone in the former play, and has made himself very popular.

At the Standard Theatre *The Two Orphans* has been produced and has proved attractive.

A new drama by E. Manüel, called *The Rabbi's Son*, has been introduced at the Britannia Theatre, a notice of which we are compelled for want of space to postpone.

*Proof* is still playing at the Park Theatre, where the Messrs. Douglass are showing what enterprise and good management will do for a house which after long trial under less efficient and intelligent government has been abandoned in despair.

ACCIDENT TO A MAIL STEAMER.—The mail steamer Trent, on her way from the River Plate to England, has been obliged to put into Bahia on account of damaged machinery. She will only be detained, it is hoped, two or three days, and may be expected at Southampton about the 30th inst. Besides a general cargo, she has on board a large consignment of ox tongues from the factories at Paysandu, Uruguay.—*The Times*.

The Easter attractions at the Alexandra Palace included a performance of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, concerts, variety entertainments, hansom cab races, with athletic sports of various kinds, including boxing. The number of visitors was much larger than that of last year.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels met with a full share of patronage at the hands of the Easter holiday-keepers, who entered into the spirit of their famous entertainment with sympathetic readiness, and applauded with unflagging zeal and enthusiasm.

#### THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE SURREY COUNTY DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance at their hall in the Ferndale-road, Brixton, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. The audience, a very fair-sized one, was terribly unsympathetic, but this may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that very little could be heard beyond the stalls. The hall is an immense one, and its acoustic properties appear to be *nil*. The stage-manager, Mr. E. Renton, had a great deal to answer for on the evening in question. The one scene used, which should have been a drawing-room, was more like the ward of a hospital. The characters walked out of the window when going to dinner, and visitors made their appearance through the same opening. The third act should take place in the library, but Mr. Renton preferred that it should take place in the drawing-room again, for what reason I know not; and last, but not least, nothing can excuse the unpunctuality, for though the programme stated the performance would commence at 7.30, it was just 7.55 when the curtain rose on *Partners for Life*. Mr. F. E. G. Porcheron, as Horace Mervyn, had many good points, but he lacked colour; his walk especially requires careful attention, at present it is nothing more than an awkward roll. Mr. P. Pullyn acted capitally as Ernest, and his byplay with Emily in the first act was carefully conceived and carried out, but he made one mistake in the second act which I cannot overlook, viz., when he overheard Emily declare that she loved Tom, though his face showed signs of deep anxiety and interest, yet he retained his cigarette and smoked in the calmest possible manner, thus spoiling the illusion. I cannot compliment Mr. Chas. Wood on his Tom Gilroy; it was terribly hard and unsympathetic, and he required the aid of the prompter on several occasions. The two characters Sir A. Dreinecourt (Mr. S. W. Lamb) and Major Billiter (Mr. H. C. Shaw) seemed to have mistaken the parts they were going to represent when they "made up," for Dreinecourt looked Billiter, and Billiter Dreinecourt. Mr. H. Bruce-Walker deserves great praise for his Muggles; his make-up was artistic, and his playing equally good—he steered clear of exaggeration, and at the same time made the part thoroughly amusing. I pitied him much as point after point fell as flat as ditch-water, but the size of the hall was to blame and not the actor. Mr. W. A. Jenkin, as Goppinger, appeared to be endeavouring to tie himself in a knot. Miss Garthwaite, as Priscilla Mervyn, was very good; she had entirely grasped the author's meaning, and well she interpreted it. When I say that Fanny Smith and Emily Mervyn were represented by Miss Kathleen Irwin and Miss Maria Harris respectively, I have said enough to vouch for these characters being delightfully played. Miss Harris was best in her scene with Ernest in the first act, and Miss Irwin in the last act deserved more applause than she gained. Miss R. Munro took the small part of Darbishire, the maid. The comedy was followed by the farce, in two acts, *Debt*, but owing to the delay at the commencement of the evening, I was unable to stay to witness it. The band (piano and harmonium) was under the direction of Mr. Harrison, and did all that was required of it.

TOM STYLUS.

#### RETURN OF MR. MAPLESON.

On Tuesday, the Inman steamer City of Chester (Samuel Brooks commander), arrived in the Mersey from New York, and amongst her passengers were Mr. J. H. Mapleson, lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the members of his operatic company, who return to London after a visit of a highly successful nature to New York and the leading cities of the United States. The City of Chester sailed from New York on Saturday, the 5th inst. On the morning of that day a benefit performance for Madame Gerster, the leading *prima donna* of the troupe, was given at the Academy of Music, commencing at half-past twelve and ending at a quarter-past three. A crowded audience assembled, and greeted the artists who appeared with tumultuous enthusiasm, while Mr. Mapleson himself was repeatedly called for. Upon the conclusion of the performance the artists hurried to the steamer, and all were on board by 10 minutes to four. Mr. Mapleson himself being delayed to such an extent by the innumerable farewells as to narrowly escape being left behind. A spell of rough weather on the sixth day had the effect of reducing the number at the dinner-table, the diminution being on one occasion from 28 to 2, one of the latter being Mr. Mapleson himself. On Saturday last the City of Chester ran out of the storm, and the artists recovered their sprightliness. A concert given for the benefit of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution realised over £20. Mlle. Minnie Hauck and Madame Gerster did not arrive by the City of Chester, but were to leave New York a few days later, the former by the City of Brussels and the latter by the Britannic. Madame Marie Roze and her husband, Mr. Henry Mapleson, have left New York for California, where the *prima donna* gives 18 representations, her departure for England taking place in June.

#### THE CLOSING MEET OF HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.

ACCORDING to time-honoured custom, the closing meet of the Queen's buckhounds was held at Maidenhead Thicket on Easter Monday, thus bringing to an end a season unprecedented in the annals of the Royal hunt for mishaps and casualties. The Earl of Hardwicke's, recent serious accident near Staines necessitated his absence, but Frank Goodall, Her Majesty's huntsman, was again in the saddle, looking as well as ever. From eleven o'clock Maidenhead was full of visitors, the arrival of the Great Western hunting special at the pretty little station creating the first excitement. It brought down the London division among hunters, which joined the throng in the road leading westward to the thicket, and mingled with the crowds of equestrians, carriage folk, and foot people, making their way to the rendezvous near the Coach and Horses, on the Twyford road, where a miniature country fair had been extemporised about that hostelry, the ground close by being gay with many-coloured pennons fluttering in the cold east wind which swept the scrubby waste. At noon there was a break in the clouds, and the sun shone brightly, gladdening the larks, who repaid its warmth with chirping and twittering, as, startled by the rush of the thousands of holiday-folk, they rose into the sky above their heathy homes. Imprisoned in the deer-cart were a couple of untired stags, brought from the Swinley Paddocks, and one of them, about a quarter past twelve, was loosed from the van on the south side of the thicket. It bounded away gaily, though mobbed at first, and knocking a spectator down, soon cleared the crowd, whose shouts increased its speed, till it was lost in the far distance. By this time, and after very little law had been allowed, Goodall brought up the pack, and the chase commenced, the deer making away in the direction of Twyford. Half-an-hour later the thicket, which for some time had presented an extremely animated appearance, was left to its usual solitude, the spectators dispersing with the disappearance of the huntsman and hounds.





SCENES FROM "MADAME FAVART."



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. ERNEST GYE shows great activity and an enterprising spirit in bringing forward a number of his promised attractions at the commencement of the season, and during the Easter holiday time, when many of his principal patrons are absent from London. The past week has witnessed the débuts of several artists, all of whom are acceptable, and some of whom are likely to become prominently attractive.

Signor Nouvelli, who made a successful début last week as Lionello, in Flotow's *Martha*, has many things in his favour. Although comparatively new to the stage, he shows much histrionic aptitude, and his deportment is graceful. On this occasion he was suffering from indisposition, but of his success—even under these disadvantages—there was no question. His voice is a pure tenor, of agreeable quality, and considerable compass; and he sings in good style, avoiding the tremolo, which is too often employed as an aid to pathetic expression, and phrasing admirably. It remains to be seen whether he has sufficient power for "robust" tenor parts, but as a *tenore di grazia* he will be highly acceptable. Mdle. Zaré Thalberg made her *rentrée* as the heroine of the opera—a part which hardly suits her girlish appearance—and was warmly greeted. Her beautiful voice appears to have increased in richness and power; but she will probably be heard to greater advantage hereafter. Mdle. Belocca, as Nancy, sang well, and acted with abundant vivacity. Signor Graziani, as Plunketto, repeated an impersonation which has long been deservedly popular, and his vocal powers showed no signs of deterioration. His career illustrates the importance of forming the voice in the traditional Italian style, which has produced the greatest vocalists of this century. Signor Ciampi was the Tristano, and Signor Vianesi conducted with his invariable ability.

*La Favorita* was produced on Saturday last, and Mdle. Pasqua, who has acquired a high reputation abroad as a "dramatic" mezzo-soprano, made her first appearance here as Leonora. She is young, and has yet to acquire full command of contralto notes and of the "upward extension" of voice; but within the limits of the legitimate mezzo-soprano compass her voice is resonant, bright, and sympathetic, and is well produced. There is an intense earnestness in her acting and singing which adds greatly to the success of her efforts, and in the touching death scene of the last act she displayed tragic powers of a high order, and elicited enthusiastic applause. Coldly received at the commencement of the opera, she gradually increased her hold upon the audience, and her success was established when she sang the slow movement of "Ah, mio Fernando," which was vigorously though ineffectually redemanded. It is said that she has been remarkably successful as Fides in *Le Prophète*, and as Amneris in *Aida*, and we hope to see her in those characters. She cannot be called a star of the first magnitude, but she is a most acceptable addition to the Royal Italian Opera Company, and is not unlikely to become a favourite of the musical public. Signor Silvestri, who on this occasion made his début as Baldassare, is a cultivated and efficient artist, but his voice is not sufficiently powerful in the lowest register, and he can hardly be accepted as a basso profondo, although likely to prove serviceable in basso

centrale parts. Signor Gayarré resumed the rôle of Fernando—in which he made his successful first appearance in England three seasons back—and exhibited great improvement both as actor and singer, having moderated the exaggeration into



MR. GEORGE FOX.

which he was apt to be betrayed, and being less prone to employ the tremolo in pathetic passages. He still employs the pianissimo style when the mezza voce would be preferable, and appears to be confirmed in the habit of holding back the time on notes which display his vocal powers to advantage. Phrasing of this kind may be occasionally resorted to with happy effect, but when continually employed destroys the rhythmical effect of the melody, and is on other grounds indefensible. In other respects Signor Gayarré merits the warmest praise. He sings with genuine dramatic fervour, and commands the sympathy of

his audience not only by his impassioned vocalisation, but by his manly, vigorous, and impressive acting. Take him all in all, it would be difficult to find so valuable a first tenor. Signor Graziani, out of voice at first, recovered his powers soon, and sang "A tanto amor" in matchless style. As Inez and Gasparo Mdle. Cottino and Signor Fille rendered efficient service, and the choral and orchestral music was excellently executed, under the skilful direction of Signor Vianesi.

*Les Huguenots* was produced on Tuesday last, and Madame Cepeda made her *rentrée* as Valentina. Her fine voice was in excellent order, and she sang splendidly. Merely to listen to such a voice is delightful; but in Madame Cepeda's case the delight of the listener is enhanced by the polished art of the singer. She was not only successful in declamatory passages, but on the few occasions when she had to sing scale passages the fluency of her execution was remarkable. Her acting was dignified and impressive, and she fully merited the applause which was showered upon her after the great scene of the third act. Mdle. Schou, who on this occasion made her début as the Queen, achieved an unquestionable success. She has a charming voice, of pure soprano quality, great compass, and natural flexibility, and has evidently been well trained. In her execution of chromatic and ascending scales there was room for improvement, and she occasionally showed a tendency to sing sharp; but allowance must be made for natural nervousness, and there can be little doubt that Mdle. Schou is destined to occupy a very high position among "light" sopranos. Signor Vidal, who made his début as Marcello, is an able artist, but his voice lacks power and richness in the lower regions of the basso profondo compass. Madame Scalchi (the Page), Signor Gayarré (Raoul), and Signor Cotogni (Di Nevers), successfully repeated impersonations respecting which nothing remains to be said; and Signor Sabater, as the Huguenot officer, exhibited gratifying improvement. The choruses were sung in admirable style, and a better *ensemble* has seldom been presented.

## STRAND THEATRE.

An English adaptation by Mr. H. B. Farnie of Offenbach's latest work, *Madame Favart*, was produced on Saturday last at the Strand Theatre, under the management of Mr. Alex. Henderson. M. Jacques Offenbach is wise in his generation, and perceiving that opera-bouffe is tottering with shaky but rapid steps to well-deserved extinction, he has started as a composer of legitimate comic opera. He has been fortunate in finding a good libretto, and *Madame Favart* is so amusing in its plot and incidents that, apart from musical accessories, it can hardly fail to enjoy a long career of success, especially when put on the stage with the taste and liberality conspicuous on Saturday last. The plot is complicated by so many incidents that it would occupy too much space to give a detailed account of it. Madame Favart, a brilliant young actress, is plagued by the amorous attentions of Marshal Saxe, who, finding her inflexibly loyal to her husband, causes her to be immured in a convent, hoping that captivity may soften her obduracy. She escapes from the convent and rejoins her husband at Arras, where she is sheltered by a friendly innkeeper. Here she assumes the disguise of a waiting-maid, and meets with her old playmate Hector de Boispréau, who is a candidate for the post of Lieutenant of Police, in the gift of the Governor of Artois, the Marquis de



HARRIERS OF MR. HICKS, M.P.



Pontsablé. Pontsablé is a battered old *roué*, with whom no candidate has a chance unless the candidate's wife supports his application, and Hector has no wife. He is promised the hand of Suzanne, the daughter of Major Cotignac, in the event of his being nominated Lieutenant. Madame Favart offers her aid, disguises herself once more, and, as the pretended wife of Hector, so fascinates Pontsablé that he grants Hector's application. In the second act we find that Hector has been married to Suzanne, and shelters Madame Favart, who assumes the disguise of a *soubrette*, and Favart, who, in the ostensible position of cook, makes fearful experiments in gastronomy. A grand party is about to be given, and Pontsablé unexpectedly arrives, having been informed by an aged Countess Montgriffon, whom he has not seen for thirty years, that Madame Favart is concealed in Hector's house. The actress disguises herself as the old Countess, arrives at the party, and tells Pontsablé that she had sent her letters to him too late, as she has learned that the Favarts have fled to St. Omer. Pontsablé starts off in pursuit of the supposed fugitives, but chances to meet with the real countess, and learns that he has been duped. He returns to the party, arrests Suzanne, whom he believes to be Madame Favart, and sends her off with her supposed husband, Favart, to the camp of Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy. Here the luckless Madame de Boispréau finds herself announced to appear as Venus in a grand masque in honour of the King, who has arrived at the camp, but the real Madame Favart comes to the rescue, having reached the camp with Hector, both disguised as Savoyard peddlars. She implores the King's protection; obtains the dismissal of Pontsablé from the governorship of Artois, and the appointment of Favart as director of the Opéra Comique, and relieves Suzanne of the rôle of Venus. It might be supposed from this sketch of the plot that *Madame Favart* is a "one-part piece." It is true that the heroine of the opera is conspicuous, and that on her the chief weight falls, but the other characters afford plenty of amusement, and Mr. Ashley as Pontsablé, M. Marius as the dramatist Favart, everlastingly occupied in building dramatic plots on the events of his own career, and Mr. W. H. Fisher (who was seriously unwell on the first night) as the *jeune premier*, Hector, have abundant opportunities of distinguishing themselves, and these are turned to good account. Miss Florence St. John, who was formerly a promising member of the Rose Hersee Opera Company, and has played principal contralto parts in opera at the Crystal Palace and in the provinces, has recently played with much success at the Globe Theatre in *Les Cloches de Corneville*. She is hardly equal to the histrionic exigencies of the rôle of Madame Favart, which might tax the ability of a consummate actress; but she is gifted with a charming voice, and her tasteful singing delighted the audience. Miss Violet Cameron, who makes steady improvement both as actress and vocalist, was a fascinating Suzanne, and all the artists engaged in the performance exerted themselves loyally to secure the success of the opera. The choristers and band merited special approbation, and Mr. Fitzgerald, the musical conductor, is entitled to hearty praise for the ability and zeal which showed such happy results.

So far as musical merit is concerned, little can be said in favor of *Madame Favart*. M. Offenbach appears to have lost the art of inventing original and agreeable melodies, and in this opera he presents a succession of commonplaces, relieved by hardly a single phrase which is likely to haunt the listener's memory. But M. Offenbach has what the French call "*chic*." He knows how to hash up old materials with piquant seasoning, and he trusts to strongly marked dance rhythms to keep the audience in good humour. Among the few numbers in the work which deserve mention are the finale of the second act; the passage "Onward speeding" in the finale of the first act; the quartette "Ah, tis too bad," the Duo Scene and Bell Chorus (obviously pilfered from *Les Dragons de Villars*), the vocal minuet, "An old woman's dream"—incomparably the best number in the opera—and the Tyrolienne song in the third act, by Suzanne and Hector, an agreeable melody in A major 3-4 time, with an episode in E major 3-8 time. It is not, however, on its musical merits that *Madame Favart* will depend for success. It has been placed on the stage with so much brilliancy, and presents so rapid a succession of lively and diverting scenes, that it can hardly fail to enjoy a long career of prosperity.

## TURFIANA.

### A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COBHAM.

THINGS would seem to be prospering at the Stud Farm in the valley of the Mole, if we may judge from full or fast-filling subscription lists to sires, arrivals of foals almost "in battalions," a roll-call of well nigh threescore yearlings, and, above all, by the presentation of a clean bill of health, in happy contrast to the bills of mortality which distinguished the fatal season of 1877-78. The late winter (we write "late" with every reservation in favour of frosts and east winds still to come) has, singularly enough, proved an exceptionally favourable one for blood stock of all descriptions, and Cobham is no exception to the general rule, though of course it was to be expected that some traces of last year's "blight" would be apparent in the shape of barren mares and backward foals. However, all looks bright and promising once more, and Mr. Bell has this year wisely chosen to rely almost entirely upon the splendid sources of blood at his command at home, instead of casting about for foreign or external alliances, involving cost and risk of journeys, and the drawback of removal of delicate and peculiarly constituted mares from the managerial eye. Blair Athol is looking a trifle more lusty than his wont at this time of the year, but still hard, healthy, and full of life; while his next door neighbour, George Frederick, is full of fire and fury as ever, but should have a grand future before him if the start made by his brother, Albert Victor, may be taken as any indication of his capabilities as a sire of our racing kings to be. With Wild Oats, as well as with the manager on account of our disagreement with him as to the giant's merits, we hope we have made our peace, and both can afford to laugh at us for what we have said and written; but we must be content *jurare in verba* of better judges than ourselves, and to take shelter beneath the wings of high and puissant authorities who fell into the same error with ourselves in under-estimating "Oats's" chance of success. If the natty Blue Gown were not still abiding at Cobham, he would speak to us through his yearling offspring, all of which reflect his likeness most accurately, and there is plenty of character about them, which we like to see a horse stamp upon his stock. There is also a very likely looking Cadet of the noble house of Buccaneer, certain to suit a peculiar class of mare, while Kaiser grows more like poor old King Tom every day, though not built on so large a scale, and we saw some foals by him last year at Neasham which did credit alike to their progenitor and to the judgment of Mr. Cookson, who was the first to use this last of the Skirmishers. To the outlying dependencies of Cobham want of time and stress of weather did not permit us to penetrate, so that we may be said simply to have skimmed over the home contingent of yearlings, not dipping very deeply into the merits of each, but being inclined to regard them rather as by tribes, though of course casuals and outsiders must also claim our share of attention. Giving precedence to the fillies,

and to Blair Athol of the sires represented, we must recommend intending buyers to make a long pause before his Crinon filly, quite a queen among them all, who will speak for herself to the meanest understanding in horseflesh; while some may feel inclined to divide the palm of merit between the chestnut and a bay sister to Claremont, a handsomer youngster even than any of that handsome tribe. Albatross has suited the King of Cobham well, the result being a square-built filly, with plenty of length in the right places, but with Mathilda the pale chestnut has been hardly so successful, though Miss Ida has well repaid his attention, and we shall be surprised if her wiry, varmint-looking daughter does not show her heels to many a good field early in the season, being built on very speedy lines, and with all the quality of Newminster, to whom she bears a remarkable likeness all over. Turning now to the colts, we find in Jocosa's a similitude to the sire rather than to the dam, and this youngster needs no extra "gilding" on our part; but for a contrast commend us to his relatives from Vergeiss-mein-nicht and Black Rose, of which the brother to Ladylove looks all over like an "early bird," full of dash and go; while it is impossible to say what his next-door neighbour will ripen into, being of altogether a different stamp. It is also difficult to conjecture of the future of Maid of Perth's colt, the very "antipodes" of his brother sold here last year; but taking Blair's contribution to the catalogue as a whole they may be described as quite up to previous samples, though, perhaps, his fillies outweigh the colts in general merit. As for the crop of Wild Oats, we have seen few nicer fillies than she from Better Half, but Lady Bountiful's is backward, and we must look to the "gentleman's department" for the "big-un's" best efforts. These will readily be recognised in the colts out of Lovelace and Queen of the Chase, both very shapely, true made, lengthy animals, well girthed, and without an inclination to "legginess," and with plenty of bone and muscle. Quality and fashion, too, are not wanting, but perhaps these are most conspicuous in the Carnivals, the choice of which sire is another instance of Mr. Bell's good judgment, and his loss is a severe one for the Company, looking at the capital start made by his two-year-olds. However, the Company may console themselves by the reflection that they have still some of Carnival's get left in their quivers, and of these we may call attention to the fillies from Eva, Juliana, and So Glad, and the Sardinia and Miss Mannering colts; while the offspring of Alva and Cu aqua are hardly ripe for criticism as yet, and we need not pause to particularise the points of each, for no horse puts his mark so unmistakably upon his scions as Carnival, himself remarkable for fine length, liberty, and action, and for that indescribable racing-like contour which, by some intuitive process, commands its possessors at once to the eyes of those who look to the *tout ensemble* rather than to each particular point of conformation in the embryo racer. Perhaps Blue Gown claims paternity of the best colt at Cobham, a well-grown, lengthy chestnut from Reine Sauvage, by King Tom, whose daughters are likely to suit the bay Beadsman, as the saying is, "down to the ground." Compared with this specimen, many others of Blue Gown's stock look short and cobby, but there is a deal of massive power about his Armada colt, and his grey from Semiramis; while among the fillies Mascherina's is a perfect little model, and he has "stamped an image of himself" upon the daughters of Lady Fly, Catherine, Young Desdemona, and Steppe. A nicer specimen of George Frederick than his May Queen filly it would be hard to find, and with Wild Swan he has not done amiss; while Frolicsome and Letty West have rewarded his attention with colts both of them bound to repay inspection, and we have observed of this horse's stock that he begets them of good size, bone galore, and excellent limbs all round. We regret that lack of space prevents closer individual description, which shall be duly forthcoming hereafter, but we must hasten on, and do justice to certain "old lots" (if we may so term them), either begotten by sires beyond the pale of Cobham or picked up to supplement gaps in the ranks of the "regulars" round in Surrey. Fairy Queen's daughter by Adventurer can both gallop and jump, of which we had ample evidence in the big paddock, when she negotiated a big post and rails very cleverly, and without a scratch, and fillies by Albert Victor from Cicely Hacket, by Henry out of Creole, and by Dutch Skater out of Consort, must likewise have our good word. The last-named pair are Middle Parkers, and so is a nice brown colt by Speculum from Touch and Go, which should sell well in the South where the blood is scarce. A filly by The Palmer out of Mary Aintree is the only yearling by that sire in England, and one of the long, low sort, certain to be snapped up at a good price, and there is a Scottish Chief colt from Craecrienne, rather gaudy and flashy, with white stockings and blaze face, but a grand mover, and a Trumpeter all over. Kingcraft, Strathconan, Paganini, and Macgregor are also contributors to this magazine of yearlings, but of these and the rest more anon.

It is always gratifying to record a really desirable accession to the ranks of turfites; and we think it will be found Lord March deserves such a description. It is evident he intends to take a leading part in the management of racing, as well as in the sport itself, by the proposition recently published in the *Calendar* to make him a member of the Jockey Club. From his "breeding" (if we may be excused using the term), education, and antecedents, it is unlikely in the extreme that the heir to the Dukedom of Richmond will exhibit any of those extravagant vagaries with which certain of his aristocratic compeers have commenced their career upon the turf; for he comes of a family devoted to sport, and it is certainly in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that the prospective owner of Goodwood should participate in the pastime to which so large a portion of that princely domain has been dedicated for many years past. His colours (which have been so long safe in the keeping of Mr. Savile) we trust may prove more fortunate than during the period of severance from the family, and, doubtless, they will continue to be borne as chivalrously as heretofore by the owner of Cremorne. Such accessions as that of the Earl of March are more especially valuable at a time when various causes have contributed to a temporary depression in racing circles, and we trust he may be the forerunner of others of noble birth, and high family traditions, who may be induced to embark upon a similar venture. Such men with a name and reputation to lose are worth a score of dabbles and pettifoggers who "come on the turf" under assumed names, possessed of half the leg of a Kingsbury plater, and pass themselves off as worthy to associate with men of the Falmouth or Westminster stamp. Lord March's stud (as yet of exceedingly modest proportions) will, we believe, continue under Joseph Dawson's charge, than whom no more able or worthy trainer could have been selected, and we trust the old "luck about the house" at Bedford Lodge may not be long in experiencing a thorough and well-deserved "revival."

Newmarket Craven opened tamely in point of sport, attendance, and weather, though it is doubtful whether so mild an epithet could be applied to the last-named important item of racing enjoyment. The Trial Stakes fell to Chios, a son of that good horse Nuneham, Mr. Gretton thus securing the first win at head-quarters; but backers were on the wrong one in the Post Sweepstakes, Leghorn performing very moderately in rear

of Zut and Muley Edris, both racehorses of moderate calibre. A filly by Knight of the Garter out of Lady Macdonald (one of Mr. Cookson's last Doncaster lot) was successful in the Weeds Plate, followed home by a pair of outsiders in Northern Light and Guitar; and then Thornfield disposed of The Scot cleverly enough in the Bushes Handicap, Adventurier performing no better than in the Trial Stakes, even in Archer's hands, and yet this is the sort of cripple clever folks were standing for the Lincolnshire Handicap. The Biennial came next, but when it became known that Wheel of Fortune would not "spin" to-day, the race assumed a far more open complexion, the end of it being that Archer only just squeezed Alchymist home in front of the despised Khamsen, Leghorn being a moderate third, and the rest widely scattered. Of course Strathern got a lift, in consequence of his stable companion's running, both for the Guineas and the Derby; but the demonstration did not come to much, and people were soon putting their money down upon Landrail for the Double Trial Plate, Captain Patrick's filly (a Cobham bred one) having the call of Vol-au-Vent, who, however, only got done by a head after a rattling set-to between Archer and Glover. Nice odds could have been had about Dunmow for the Brebby Plate, in which the unhappy Scot got second again, but Colorado, the favourite, was nowhere; and this brought the day's racing to a close, without any special feature of interest being imported either into the sport or the betting consequent thereon.

On Wednesday the skies were more propitious, but the going dreadfully heavy and holding after a night's hard rain, which made locomotion the reverse of comfortable. Insulaire easily disposed of Hydromel in the Claret Stakes, the little black having Lord Falmouth's colt easily beaten a long way from home; and another reverse was in store for the magpie jacket in the succeeding race, the Column Produce Stakes, in which Charibert cut up very badly, not even Archer being able to keep him straight; but the case may not be so hopeless as it appears at first sight, for Reconciliation was very highly thought of at Malton last year, and her list of engagements as a yearling was a "caution." Oxonian once more changed hands after beating Raby and Famagosta in an All-aged Selling Plate; and then Knight of Burghley settled Colorado and Kingfisher easily enough in the Sale Stakes over the Rowley Mile, though he hardly ran kindly enough to please his City and Suburban admirers. Nightcap won a Maiden Plate for Lord Rosslyn, as she was bound to do after her running at Lincoln; but backers of Archer were not so fortunate in a T.Y.C. Plate, wherein Beadsman was cleverly disposed of by Witchery, mainly owing to the former's flat refusal to try a yard. The crack jockey, however, made handsome amends to his followers in the Rous Course Handicap Plate, his riding of Pardon being a treat to witness, for the horse seemed out of it a long way from home. The Newmarket Handicap brought out a very limited field, all of which found backers at certain prices, and it was no disgrace for Isonomy to be beaten by Parole, seeing that Mr. Gretton's horse was conceding the American 8lbs and two years. This performance, of course, created a "diversion" in the City and Suburban betting, Parole being promoted to the post of favourite, where he was all the more firmly established owing to the withdrawal of Clocher, concerning which move the less said the better.

At Epsom Spring Meeting we shall probably be introduced to rather a higher order of two-year-olds than we have seen out as yet, though many of the cracks will be in reserve for Ascot and the later meetings, and the great majority of youngsters are backward at present. The best known public performers in the Westminster Stakes at Epsom is Illuminata, but the distance may be a furlong farther than Lord Rosebery's filly cares to travel, and he might find a better among his entry of half-dozen, to which lot and Bloss's best we leave the issue of the race. For the City and Suburban Elf King still heads the quotations, having been very firm throughout the piece, but his position may be assailed prior to the start, though Fyfield will hardly find a worthier champion, good as that stable is in depositing and supplanting at the eleventh hour. Attalus has a nice racing weight, is sound, will be in Fordham's hands, and is satisfactorily owned and trained—strong qualifications it must be admitted, but he is not the horse we care to stand upon, though it would be folly not to respect his chance, especially as the distance will be within his compass. Belphebe has plenty of weight, but she is a genuine animal, and if the clever division behind her back her in earnest, must be worth following, but we take leave to doubt whether such is the case, and we shall expect to see Lord Hartington's mare perform better later on in the season. Having declared in favour of Elf King in a previous article, and seeing no reason to alter our selection of him now, we may pass lightly over others of the same age, but it must be admitted that the three-year-olds are of better class than usual, and present a very formidable front, Knight of Burleigh, Flavius, Breadfinder, Alpha, and Cromwell all having claims to be held in respect, though the lot may not contain "Speculum the second." Spendthrift had some sort of a reputation once, but we are bound to judge him by his public form, which is very indifferent; and the same remark applies, though perhaps in a lesser degree, to Red Comyn, who travels queerly in the market, and we fancy he may find the company too good for him. King Boris, for one, should hold him safe enough, but it is ticklish work meddling with the Russley lot at present; albeit Robert Peck is pretty sure to serve one up "hot" before the flag falls. Having pinned our faith to Clocher it is unsatisfactory in the extreme to find the Frenchman scratched, but there is seldom smoke without fire, and it is notorious that the horse has long had an "ancient and fish-like smell" about him, though nothing could look more like a "moral" upon paper than the dear departed. It might have been better had the inevitable scratching taken place earlier, but we must be thankful for small mercies, and those who touched him well knew they did so at their peril. Parole is not unlikely to start one of the hottest favourites ever known, if all goes well with him in the interim, and, look at his Newmarket Handicap form how you will, there is no getting away from its well-proved excellence. All agree in giving Parole a good character for handicaps, a much-needed qualification at Epsom, where his chance must be a formidable one, and to him, Elf King, and Knight of Burghley we shall be content to leave the issue, with a reservation, however, in favour of Robert Peck's best, should it be backed in earnest. If we must declare for one it shall be our old love, Elf King, and we expect to see the three-year-olds figure very prominently in the race, the result of which may altogether change the complexion of the Derby betting, so far at least as the middle-class candidates are concerned. In the Hyde Park Plate our vote must be for *The Song*; and Blanton's best may be dangerous in the Great Surrey Handicap, a five-furlong scramble, with a fair entry, while Mr. Crawford may see his "all scarlet" carried prominently in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. It is hazardous work conjecturing on the result of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, but we shall rely upon the elect of Russley among the heavy weights, and upon Parole in the middle-weight division, having most respect for the Yankee.

SKYLARK.

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## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

## No. XIII.—A HUNTSMAN.

THAT it is a rare and extraordinary occurrence to meet an entirely happy and contented man is a proposition which few will be inclined to dispute. Which of us has his heart's desire, or, having it, is satisfied? the greatest of moralists has asked, and experience daily proves the truth of the reflection. If we only came into possession of that estate; if our horse only won his race and landed the gorgeous odds; if Matilda would only befriend us with her sweet consent! The estate becomes yours, and you are bored to death by duties and annoyances arising from it: that endless lawsuit about a couple of worthless fields—you must go through with it, for you won't be swindled—that question of common right; the grossness or snobbishness of all the neighbours within reach, are a few of the matters that daily cause you trouble and anxiety. The horse wins his race: you decide on one final plunge with the proceeds, and lose it all; while as for Matilda, well, there is no denying that Matilda has the deuce of a temper. Of a little child in the innocence of early days, I wrote some years ago:—

You do not know how oft we find  
The sourest fruit 'neath fairest rind,  
How oft no longer lingers  
The bloom of joys that please the eye,  
Than colours on the butterfly  
When touched by careless fingers,

and even at an advanced age we are slow to learn the lesson.

It is, therefore, as pleasant as it is rare to discover a man who has won the prize he sought and finds that it realises his expectations; and such an one is Bill Heigh, the huntsman of the Meadowmere hounds.

Bill is a good deal older than myself, and the history of his early life comes to me at second hand; but I think it is quite a little idyl of the hunting field. I have never heard the proverb applied to huntsmen, but am strongly of opinion that *venator nascitur non fit* is as true as the more familiar saying. Bill Heigh was bred to be a gardener, and from his training and associations should have known more of hollyhocks than of hounds, less of foxes than of fuchsias, and had a more comprehensive acquaintance with vegetables than with view holloas. Bill's father was head gardener to Sir Henry Akerton, our M.F.H., and in the ordinary course of events Bill would have succeeded in due time. A conscientious boy, he performed the tasks that were set him; but his thoughts were in the kennels and the stables, and every spare moment he could find was spent in hovering around these (to him) sacred precincts; while with every cur in the village he was on the most confidential terms. Of the puppies at walk he knew as much as Sir Henry or the huntsman himself, and on hunting days if he could contrive to make a holiday it was spent in seeing as much of the sport as sturdy young legs, stout lungs, and an instinctive eye for a country rendered possible. His father was a little dismayed, though of course at the Hall hunting was the principal occupation, and absolutely to discourage a love for it would have been out of the question on the part of anyone who served Sir Henry. Young Bill, moreover, was a good lad, a favourite with everybody; so that if his natural longings were not encouraged they were not checked.

The Hall is some five or six miles from the post town, and it was the custom to send the bag every night by a groom to post, as by this arrangement letters could be sent some hour or more later than they must have gone had they been carried by the itinerant postman. Bill had occasionally found means of getting a ride, and when he was about fourteen he had an excellent opportunity of acquiring the rudiments of horsemanship in the best possible way. The groom whose duty it was to take the post-bag found metal very much more attractive in the opposite direction. Some four miles from the Hall was—and is—a popular tavern much affected by youths from Brookley's training stables, from Seratton the dealer's, &c., and to ride off here and have a pint of ale and a chat about races to come was much better fun than carrying the letters to the post. But the letters had to be taken, of course, and Bill was always ready to take them. His only means of locomotion was a certain pony, Kicking Peggy by name, an unamiable beast that lived at the farm, and was accustomed to drag a moving machine about the lawn, to run in a trap for odd jobs, and was not only quite unaccustomed, but entirely indisposed, to carry anybody on her back. A bridle was obtainable, but no saddle was to be had, and on Kicking Peggy's bare back—with intervals when he could not manage to retain that precarious position—Bill made an almost nightly journey to the town. Once or twice Peggy got away during the trip, after depositing her rider in a ditch or on the road, and had it not been for a convenient lift in a passing trap Sir Henry's letters would have been late for the post. On Kicking Peggy, however, young Bill learnt very thoroughly the difficult art of sitting tight, and after a few expeditions, even if, when the start took place, some mischievously jocular friend touched the pony up with a whip, and sent her kicking and plunging down the road, Bill kept his seat.

In time he acquired quite a reputation for his skill, and with many attempts was at times successful in persuading Peggy to jump small fences. Young Brookley one day let Bill have the glorious treat of a gallop on the downs, and for the first time he felt the supreme pleasure of being borne over the grass on the back of a thoroughbred horse. If his father would only have let him take service in the training stables, so that he might ride every day, his cup of happiness would have been full; but for a gardener he was at this time destined, and he knew that to suggest anything else would be not only futile but would give his father pain.

After the thoroughbred's stride Peggy seemed to go absurdly short, but Peggy was better than nothing, and it was owing to her that Bill came to enjoy the happiest day of his life—a gallop after the hounds on a good horse. Farmer Maizeley—young Maizeley in those days—was driving along the road when he came upon Bill trying to persuade Peggy to jump a low rail and ditch. It was in the afternoon and the hounds having just crossed the road, Bill was suddenly fired with ambition to see some of the sport otherwise than on his legs. Peggy had done it before, but on this occasion was in one of her tantrums, stopped short at the rail, and amply justified her sponsors by kicking her hardest. Maizeley pulled up to see the fun, watched the unwilling steed refuse, and noted how patient but persistent, firm but gentle, the boy was.

"She's not what you'd call a well-trained hunter, that pony, Bill?" Maizeley said, chaffingly—there is no story he so loves to tell as how he made Bill a huntsman.

"No, and she's particular troublesome to-day; but she'll do it presently," Bill answered, giving his mount just a tap with his ash stick to remind her that there were other means of persuasion available.

"Not that time, my boy—well saved, though!" he exclaimed, as the pony stopped short once more with a heave of the hind quarters that almost shot Bill over her head; and then an idea struck the kind-hearted farmer.

"How would you like a ride with the hounds on a real 'un some day? I owe you a turn, Master Bill, for catching my horse the other day," asked Maizeley.

The idea was too splendid for belief, and the boy trotted up to the cart to look in Maizeley's face and see whether he really meant it. Evidently he did.

"Oh! I should so like it! Could you let me have one?" he answered.

"You come round on Tuesday at half-past ten and we'll see," Maizeley replied, as pleased with the pleasure he was giving as the boy himself, whose "Thank you, Mr. Maizeley," was sincere and fervent. Then once more he turned Peggy to her jump, and this time she bounded over, gave a couple of kicks the other side, and galloped off over the field.

The eventful Tuesday arrived and Maizeley had not forgotten, as Bill, in his intense anxiety, had thought he possibly would do.

"You shall have the young chestnut mare, Bill; it'll be a holiday for her to carry you," his friend said, and Bill was soon installed in the unwonted luxury of a saddle. He was, of course, perfectly well known in the field, and perhaps did not feel quite at ease as he splashed down a muddy lane, past his old foot-companions, a few village boys, an assistant earth-stopper, and a once well-known whip who had lost place after place through a drunken disposition, and now, attired in a weather-stained pink, earned occasional sixpences and shillings by opening gates, breaking down rails or removing binders for timid sportsmen, holding horses, and sometimes catching a loose one. Sir Henry, riding by, nods to Maizeley, looks at Bill on his steed, asks the young farmer if that isn't his mare, and tells him to see that the boy doesn't hurt himself; for Bill's exploits are not known beyond the lower grades in the stable and about the home farm.

As sometimes happens, there was on this day a good deal of unproductive riding to and fro, and the best part of an hour had been thus passed before hounds got away on a hot scent. The chestnut mare could go, and after his experience on Kicking Peggy Bill found sitting on her a remarkably pleasant and simple matter. The ease with which the pair of them flew a high post and rail that set more than the best half of the field astonished Sir Henry.

"Just look at that boy on Maizeley's chestnut. He jumped the rails cleaner than anybody. It can't be the lad that's always running after the hounds?" a friend asked.

"It is. It's my gardener's son, though where he learnt to ride like that I can't say," Sir Henry answered.

But Sir Henry was soon to be more astonished still.

The hounds checked. They had apparently overrun the scent. Marigold feathered down by the side of a ditch to the right, reluctant to leave when the second whip drove her on to a holloa in the opposite direction, and presently from the covert where the pack had gone a hound spoke.

"Marigold was quite right, I'm sure," Bill said to his friend. "Countess has hit off the vixen that lies there."

Sir Henry overheard the remark.

"What do you say, my boy?" he asked; and Bill, blushing deeply, replied, as "Hark to Countess!" resounded from the covert—

"I said, Sir Henry, that Marigold was right. It's the same fox that was lost last week, and I saw him come out of the ditch when you had gone to draw the Red Down Spinney. There's a vixen lying in that covert, and Countess very likely spoke to that," and Bill touched his cap.

"How do you know it was Countess? Can you tell the hounds' voices? What was that?" Sir Henry asked.

"That's Sweetheart, I think, Sir Henry—and that's Patience, I'm sure," Bill answered.

Sir Henry looked round silently at a group of his friends, and in a moment, drawing his horn, said—

"Well, my boy, we'll see whether you are right. You've got Marigold on your side, apparently; and making a cast a couple of hundred yards down the ditch indicated, out jumped the fox, sufficiently refreshed to go hard and fast for a rattling twenty minutes.

That glorious day decided Bill's career. After supper there came a summons from Sir Henry, who wanted to see Bill's father, and the old man came back after visiting the Hall, not exactly pleased nor precisely in a bad humour.

"The master wants to see you in the morning at ten o'clock, Bill. I shall never make a gardener of you I'm afraid!" he said, shaking his head with, nevertheless, a sort of pride in his son, who was a sharp, clever lad, Sir Henry had declared, though Heigh senior felt that the sharpness was wrongly directed.

It is hardly necessary to say that next morning Bill was punctual; indeed, he was about the stables and shrubberies a good three hours before the time appointed. What could his master want to say to him, and what did his father's speech about never making a gardener of him mean? As ten o'clock struck, Bill made his way to the servants' hall to find someone who would tell Sir Henry that he was there, and three minutes afterwards he found himself in the study, where, at a writing-table by the window, was seated the greatest man in all the world, according to Bill's ideas.

"How old are you, William Heigh?" Sir Henry began.

"Sixteen, sir," Bill answered.

"And you are going to be a gardener?" Sir Henry continued.

"Yes, sir," Bill replied, not quite so readily, for his eyes fell upon a rack in the corner where several hunting-crops were laid, and on the chimney-piece was a pair of spurs. The sight of these delightful implements, joined with a recollection of spades, rakes, and watering-pots drew forth an irrepressible sigh.

"I am afraid you'll make a very poor gardener if you pass all your time in running after my hounds."

"Yes, sir; but it's only now and then, and I'm so fond of them, sir, and—" Bill's apologies died away.

"Where did you learn to ride, Heigh?" Sir Henry asked.

"I've ridden Kicking Peggy a good deal, sir, she's a pony—and she kicks," Bill stammered.

"Doesn't she kick you off?"

"Yes, sir; but—I—get on again," Bill humbly replied, and a smile stole over Sir Henry's features.

"Well, William, your father seems to be afraid that you don't care much for his business, but he gives you a good character, and I have sent for you to ask whether you would like to come into my stables?"

Poor happy Bill paused before he could speak. Was this a blissful dream, and would he be awakened in a minute or two by paternal instructions to go and help Johnson hoe something, take some bulbs to Smith, and then weed the path in the west walk?

No! It was all true enough. Dazed as he was, that must, he surely felt, be Sir Henry telling him that if he is industrious and straightforward, civil to his companions, and kind to his horses, he will be sure to get on. Bill tries to express his gratitude and to promise to do his very best. An interval of delirium, in which tailors, boots, and breeches play a prominent part supervenes. Monday morning sees Bill installed as second horseman, and Tuesday sees the beginning of his duties.

His early training and experience stood him in admirable stead. To a light weight and skill in the saddle he united, as before said, an instinctive knowledge of the fox's line, and as a second horseman Bill was little short of perfect. When a vacancy for a second whip occurred, however, Sir Henry felt bound to advance a good servant, and Bill—who, we may be sure, had meantime seen as much of his four-legged friends in

the kennels as he possibly could—was officially connected with them. Bill had never before talked to hounds—that is to say, talked aloud—and a new qualification for success in his profession was now discovered—a rich and musical voice. Further promotion fell to Bill some two seasons afterwards, and though it by no means follows that a good first whip will make a good huntsman, after passing five or six years as first whip Bill attained the summit of his ambition, and was elevated to the rank he had always so eagerly desired. While the whip is the stern schoolmaster, the huntsman is the friend and companion of his hounds; but Bill's temper was always kind and gentle, and he had never failed to retain the affection of his charger as well as to ensure obedience.

To the abstruse question of breeding hounds Bill Heigh devotes himself with untiring diligence, and his excellent judgment in this matter is, of course, the foundation of his success as a huntsman. Sir Henry has considerable confidence in his own opinion, but if it clashes with Bill's he is far from comfortable; and though the master's experience is longer than the huntsman's, the latter is very much oftener right than wrong on disputed points. Another secret of his success is that he "does not worry his hounds when they are doing their business." His patience is inexhaustible.

"I let them think it out for themselves, and don't interfere until they ask me. If they give it up it's my turn to try," he says.

He invariably knows, too, what hounds are doing, being thoroughly acquainted with the dispositions and tempers of all his charges. Oftener than most people suppose a hound pretends to be very busy when he is doing nothing, but Bill is never deceived in these cases. He knows which to trust and when to trust him. In every pack there are hounds with different special qualifications—some patient and plodding, slow and sure, others brilliant and dashing; some that will guily race away, trusting, as it were, to the rest, and only desiring to be well ahead; and others that want to make sure before all things that they are right, and that the fox is in front of them. His ear and eye never seem to deceive him, and he can in fact trust to either.

When hounds throw up, Bill's recipe is to ask himself what he would have done if he had been a fox, and the manner in which he appears to enter into the arguments and calculations of the cunning animal are nothing short of marvellous. Beekford declares that a second-rate huntsman and a first-rate first whip are more likely to afford sport than if their measures of ability were reversed; but I think an acquaintance with Bill Heigh would have altered his opinion.

On two occasions Bill and his hounds lost the same fox in the same place. The scent was hot as far as the high road, across which hounds dashed at right angles and threw up in the field beyond. Bill was puzzled, and the second time cast all about in every direction with the utmost patience and care before he would give up. A third time we got away, evidently with our old friend, and were taken over precisely the same line to the same spot. But Bill had kept his attention fixed on Sweetheart, knowing that he could trust her implicitly, and she would acknowledge it no further than the side of the road to which we came first. This was just by a pound, walled in except at its opening facing the high road, where was the railed entrance. To this corner, between the tree and the wall, Sweetheart returned twice.

"He's gone along the top of the wall, sir," Bill exclaimed.

"I don't fancy so, really," Sir Henry answered. "He could not have jumped up, if he could have travelled along that thin rail."

"Sweetheart says so, sir," Bill replied. "He's run up that tree, jumped on to the branch, and then on to the wall."

The thing seemed impossible, for, though the fox might have got on the branch, it appeared quite out of the question that he could have jumped a good eight feet on to the wall in such a way that the impetus would not have carried him over on the other side; and the rail he must have crossed, if Bill were right, was a piece of timber with the top at an angle. Sweetheart, however, stuck to her post at the foot of the tree, running to and fro between that and the corner of the wall, and a few of her friends returned to see what she had to say. Bill lifted her up, and she ran along the top speaking to it vociferously, but stopped at the rail as if wondering how to get across. Bill solved the difficulty by lifting her over, and on the other side she went on till, some few yards beyond on a branch of an ivy-covered oak tree, the fox was seen peering down. To understand how utterly improbable Bill's idea seemed to be, the nature of the place and the position of the high wall and tree must be realized, and it vastly astonished all who were up at the time.

I have no story to tell about Bill Heigh on one point concerning which there are many current anecdotes of huntsmen. I do not know that he ever directed an insolent witticism at any gentleman out with his master's hounds. There are no tales of "what Bill Heigh said to that fellow on the brown mare," or "how he shut up young Blank." Now and again he has to make a request to some troublesome members of the hunt, or more likely to some stranger from town; but though, perhaps, his equable temper may be tried at times, he is always respectful and polite.

He married pretty Polly Maizeley, the younger sister of his early friend, and there is a sturdy little Bill, junior, some four years old, who toddles about after his sire, and when the sire is away from home may generally be found in intimate companionship with some wise old hound or frolicsome puppy by the fireside in winter, and on the doorstep of Bill's neat little cottage in warm weather.

In time he will doubtless succeed his father: such at least is Bill Heigh's aspiration. It is the general opinion that little Bill is a genuine chip of the old block; and so there is every reason to hope that for many years to come the Meadowmere Hounds will be provided with a huntsman.

RAPIER.

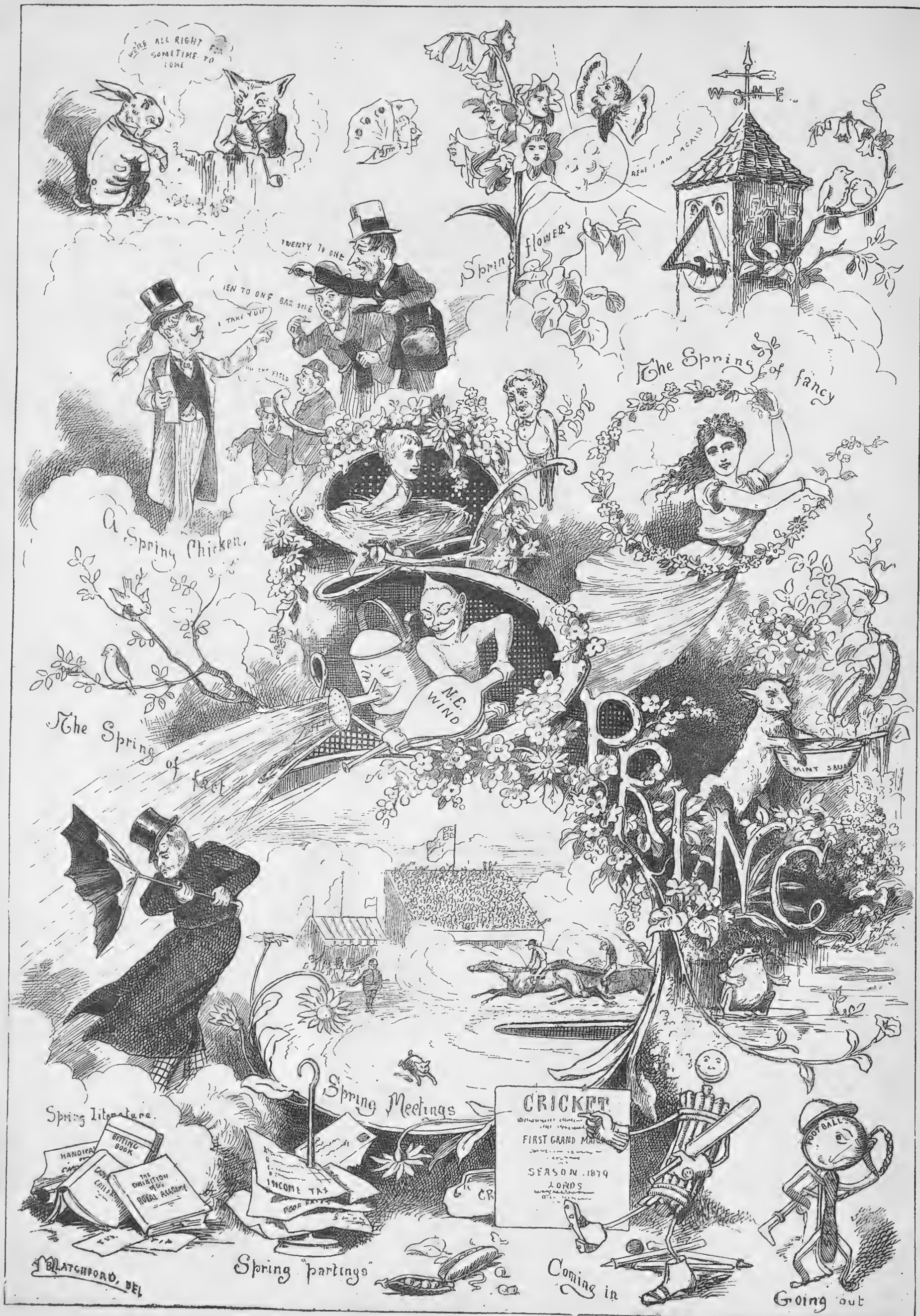
THE Henley Regatta authorities have adopted the following definition:—No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman or sculler—First, who has ever competed in an open competition for a stake, money, or entrance-fee; secondly, who has ever competed with or against a professional for any prize; thirdly, who has ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind as a means of gaining a livelihood; fourthly, who has been employed in or about boats for money or wages; fifthly, who is or has been, by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, or labourer.

BROWN DUCHESS, the winner of the Oaks in 1861, died recently at the Imperial Stud, Gradriz. She was a failure at the stud, her best produce being Noblesse, by Stockwell.

THE annual athletic sports in connection with the Tunbridge Wells Athletic Club came off on the Common on Easter Monday, Mr. C. Payne officiating as judge, Mr. R. Payne as starter and handicapper, and Mr. C. D. Miller as clerk of the course. The state of the ground was particularly heavy.

MR. OLE BULL, the celebrated violinist, returned to England on Tuesday in the Inman steamer, City of Chester, from New York. Mr. Ole Bull has been for a prolonged period in the United States.





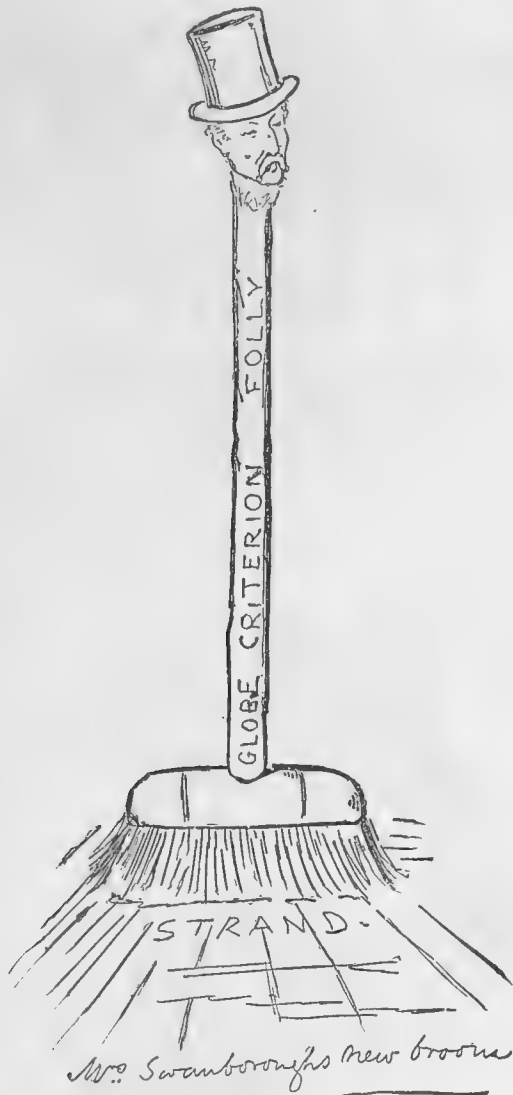


## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE Swanborough family was gathered together in solemn conclave, the subject under consideration being no less a one than the fortunes of the Strand Theatre. At the head of the table sat Mr. Swanborough supported right and left by Ted and Arthur, who in turn were supported by their charming wives; the sombre and thoughtful William took up his place opposite his mother. One chair stood vacant—"Miss Ada" was absent, delighting the

with pencils and paper; each was bursting with an idea; each eagerly passed his and her missive to the chairwoman. After a pause, and some rustling of paper attendant upon the perusal of the various documents before the meeting, "No. 1," read the chairwoman; "Edward Swanborough suggests that we should engage Farnie to adapt a French opera-bouffe." A murmur of approval passed round the group. "No. 2.—Mrs. Edward thinks that we should engage Mr. Farnie to adapt some French opera-bouffe." (More murmurs of approval.) "No. 3.—Mr. Arthur Swanborough is of opinion that nothing will be so good as a French opera-bouffe done into English by Farnie." "No. 4.—Mrs. Arthur believes that what is really wanted is an opera-bouffe from the French by Farnie." Next came the opinion of William Swanborough. "No. 5.—W. S. thinks that if the family do not see their way to letting him have the theatre for his variety entertainment, and thus secure certain fortune, the best thing can be done is to engage Farnie to do an opera-bouffe from the French." The chairwoman then said, "My dear children, there is to some extent a unanimity of opinion amongst us, the more so, I think you will admit, when I tell you that my own decision was that Mr. Farnie should be invited to write us an opera-bouffe—something from the French; but before we decide upon what course we should adopt I think it only fair to consult dear Ada by telegram. A message was immediately despatched, and in a short space of time a reply was received:—"Engage Farnie to do French opera-bouffe—Ada." This was received with evident satisfaction. "Let us consult Farnie on the point," suggested Arthur. Farnie was immediately sent for, and having bowed gracefully to the chair, was interrogated by its occupant. "Mr. Farnie, we have sent for you to ask your valuable opinion as to what would be the best course to take in reference to our theatre in order to make it successful." Farnie thought a moment, then, clearing his throat, said:—"Mrs. Swanborough, ladies and gentlemen,—I have an idea with regard to your theatre, which, if carried out, would lead to undoubted success; this I feel certain of, and I am confident that you will agree with me when you hear what it is. I propose that you should engage me to do an opera-

manner, but is altogether too big for the little Strand Theatre. Miss Florence St. John plays Madame Favart most excellently, and her singing of a song called "The Novice," I think, in the first act is alone worth a journey to hear. M. Marius is Charles Favart, Madame's husband. The chief male character



provincial audiences with her art. The object, as I have stated, for this family gathering was the fortunes of the little Strand Theatre, so long and so honourably conducted under the Swanborough banner. Changes in the state of things theatrical had now made it imperative for the management to "look to 't,"



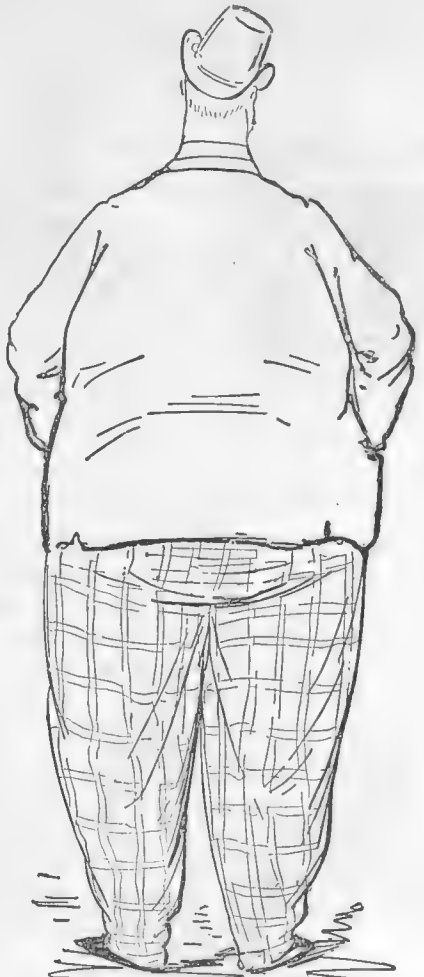
Enter Madame Favart.

and here we find them discussing ways and means. "My dear children," said the chairwoman—for so we may fittingly call Mrs. Swanborough, senior—"my dearchildren, I would suggest that each of you who has an original idea with regard to what we should do at the theatre should write it down on paper, and pass it to me that I may read it aloud. This will save some confusion of ideas, and prevent the possibility of all speaking at once." All now set to work



Mons. Marius as Madame Soldani's famous wall poster

bouffe for you. I have a lovely thing from the French, partially finished at the present moment. Still, lest too much weight might be given to myself by myself, I would suggest that before deciding the point you might consult a manager of some other house, say Mr. Henderson; he has been highly successful, and understands these matters." Mr. Farnie now retired, and Mr. Henderson was invited to attend. After the preliminary formalities from the chair, Mr. Henderson said: "I know exactly what you want for your theatre. I know precisely what should be done to freshen up the business—you want something new; but I would have to come and work it for you. It is my idea, and I am the only one who could carry it out; and I am confident that when you hear it you will come to an arrangement with me to direct the theatre for you. My notion is, after the theatre has been thoroughly re-decorated (I could let you have some pieces of Japanese wall paper which were left over from the Folly and Globe that would do it admirably), engage a new company—for instance, a lot of the *Cloches de Corneville* girls are ready for a change; then—now listen, this is where you will hit the public—then I will get Farnie to do us an opera-bouffe from the French." Thus it was that Mr. Henderson became the new broom at the Strand Theatre and that the place was "entirely re-decorated," and that Mr. Farnie did an opera-bouffe from the French, and that *Madame Favart* was produced on Easter Eve, and that the town was enriched by the presence of an original idea. It will be some time before the usual audience will quite recover from the absence of humour on their favourite stage. This used to be a house of laughter; but, by degrees, the boisterous delight of the audiences has been reduced to smiles; company after company has been weeded, always of its most comic components; and now we have dwindled down to the last surviving couple of the old Strand company—Messrs. Marius and Cox. Presently Marius will whip over to Madame Dolaro's company, and leave Cox alone in his glory. It is a pity that a house noted for its own especial line of business should be merged into the regulation sort of thing. However, *Madame Favart* is a very fine opera-bouffe, rather overweighted with "cackle," and scarcely sufficiently stocked with music. It is mounted in the most gorgeous



Madame Favart's English God-father

is undertaken by Mr. Ashley, who plays an old beau of the Fourteenth Louis's period capitally. There was but one fault with this performance—a little too much of it; but this is not so much the fault of Mr. Ashley as the author, and ought to be easily corrected. Mr. Walter Fisher makes his appearance here



Jockin Tubbs in top boots

in the tenor part, but was suffering from a cold on the first night, which was sufficiently severe to prevent him singing his music. Miss Violet Cameron has a somewhat subordinate part, but sings her songs with great freshness and taste. Mr. Harry Cox opens the opera with a very pleasant piece of character-acting as the landlord of the Arras Tavern, but disappears when the first curtain is rung down. Altogether it would seem that *Madame Favart* is destined to have a very prosperous time of it at the Strand Theatre.



## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## KEMPTON PARK MEETING.

MONDAY, APRIL 14.

The SUNBURY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. M. Fryer's Littlehampton (Gallon), 1; Financier, 2; Strathavon, 3. 5 ran.  
The WOLSELEY WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Etches's Tino (W. Macdonald), 1; Delicious, 2; Carnage, 3. 4 ran.  
The GARRICK TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. R. Marsh's Secret (Greaves), 1; Anonyma, 2; Hippodrome gelding, 3. 6 ran.  
The HALLFORD WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. F. Davis's Hudibras (F. Archer), 1; Brunswick, 2; Prince Plausible, 3. 7 ran.  
The KEMPTON PARK APRIL HANDICAP.—Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Charlie Napier (Greaves), 1; Hennix, 2; Admiral Byng, 3. 6 ran.  
The THAMES STAKES.—Lord M. Beresford's Rusk (A. Hall), 1; Saltier, 2; Monachus, 3. 3 ran.  
The TEDDINGTON TWO-YR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. W. Bevil's Mary Ann filly (Constable), 1; Essayez, 2; Carus, 3. 4 ran.

TUESDAY.

A MAIDEN SELLING HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. E. Woodland's Keyhole (Gregory), 1; Bay Final, 2. 2 ran.  
The KEMPTON EASTER HURDLE HANDICAP.—Sir W. Throckmorton's Opoponax (J. Adams), 1; Palestine, 2; High Priest, 3. 4 ran.  
A SELLING HURDLE STAKES.—Mr. W. Quartly's Anchorite (G. Jarvis), 1; Saga, 2; Neptune, 3. 7 ran.  
A MAIDEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. E. Woodland's Trot (Owner), 1; Halifax, 2; Laramie, 3. 4 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. Lowe's Destruction (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Merryfield, 2; Justin, 3. 4 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. G. Cullen's Goldfinder (Didman), 1; Andalous, 2; Minar, 3. 4 ran.  
The MIDDLESEX HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Lord M. Beresford's Chimney Sweep (J. Jones), 1; St. Bees, 2; Lucy, 3. 6 ran.

## MANCHESTER MEETING.

MONDAY.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. M. Richardson's Broomieknowe (Mr. H. Brooks), 1; Agnes Peel, 2; The Ghost, 3. 4 ran.  
A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Potter's Sybella filly (Aldridge), 1; Julia Mannerling, 2. 2 ran.  
The STRETFORD HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Gipsy (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Militant, 2; Idle Boy, 3. 4 ran.  
The LANCASHIRE HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Bingham's Harry Bluff (Aldridge), 1; Suffolk Lad, 2; Jim Walker, 3. 5 ran.  
The COUNTY PALATINE HURDLE RACE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. Rayner's Patagon (Levitt), 1; Distigue, 2; Valour, 3. 6 ran.  
A SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Jones's Caballo de Oros (Bruckshaw), 1; Royal Blood, 2; Titania II., 3. 7 ran.  
The NEW BARNES HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. C. Rayner's Warren Hastings (Morbey), 1; Traffic colt, 2; Roscius, 3. 4 ran.  
The MAIDEN PLATE did not fill.

TUESDAY.

The SHORTS WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Wanderer (Bruckshaw), 1; Warren Hastings, 2; Queen Caradoc, 3. 3 ran.  
A SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Hunt's Norseman (Aldridge), 1; Titania II., 2; Flame, 3. 6 ran.  
The STAMFORD WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Shaw's Cleopatra (Bruckshaw), 1; Antelope, 2; Harry Bluff, 3. 10 ran.  
A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. Toon's Kinsman (S. Daniels), 1; Serape, 2. 2 ran.  
The FENDELTON SELLING PLATE.—Mr. C. Archer's Flame (Owner), 1; Norseman, 2; Caballo de Oros, 3. 6 ran.  
The MANCHESTER EASTER HANDICAP.—Mr. S. G. Barry's Valour (Bruckshaw), 1; Lord Warden, 2. 2 ran.  
The SPRING STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Robinson's Distingue (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Militant, 2; Ragamuffin, 3. 4 ran.

## DURHAM MEETING.

MONDAY.

The DURHAM TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. W. Stevenson's Lady Matilda (W. Platt), 1; Boudoir, 2; Restore, 3. 8 ran.  
The ELEMORE STAKES.—Lord Durham's Nymph colt (Snowden), 1; Pera filly, 2; Cutler, 3. 6 ran.  
The DURHAM HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Hall's Astronomer (Hards), 1; Omega, 2; Adamite, 3. 9 ran.  
The CORPORATION WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. G. Brown's The Drone (G. Cooke), 1; Kennet gelding, 2; Bargee, 3. 6 ran.  
The DURHAM HUNT CUP.—Mr. Crompton's Tunstall Maid (Mr. Hutchinson), 1; Durham to Wit, 2; Brother to Honi Soit, 3. 7 ran.  
TUESDAY.  
The DURHAM HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. R. Cookson's Lace Shawl (Fagan), 1; Good Thing, 2; Crookston, 3. 9 ran.  
The LAMBTON STAKES.—Mr. Vyner's Fabius (W. Platt), 1; Mycene, 2; Triumph, 3. 8 ran.  
The WYNFARD HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Park's Winifred (Tomlinson), 1; Unicorn, 2; Queen of Diamonds colt, 3. 8 ran.  
The WHITWORTH STAKES.—Mr. J. P. Cookson's Pera filly (Fagan), 1; Glenstrae, 2; Nymph colt, 3. 4 ran.  
The NORTH DURHAM HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Osborne's Omega (J. Platt), 1; Constantine, 2; Rubicon, 3. 8 ran.

## STREATHAM MEETING.

MONDAY.

The STREATHAM HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Trew's Hiero (J. Clark), 1; Midsummer, 2; Windfall, 3. 5 ran.  
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. E. Fryer's St. Anthony (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Ringmaster, 2; Aunt Marion, 3. 5 ran.  
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. A. Yates's Pinafore (Owner), 1; Sussex, 2. 2 ran.  
A MAIDEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. Clay's Queen o' Scots (Mr. Boynton), 1; Rabagas II., 2; Dione, 3. 7 ran.  
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Yates's Pinafore (Childs), 1; Minnie, 2; Kedgerce, 3. 4 ran.  
An OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Allerton (J. Clark), 1; Crawler, 2; Bauldorn, 3. 8 ran.

## NEWMARKET GRAVEN MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. F. Grettton's Chios (Gallon), 1; Sutler, 2; Aristeus, 3. 5 ran.  
A POST SWEETSTAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Zut (J. Gouter), 1; Muley Edris, 2; Leghorn, 3. 3 ran.  
The WEEDS PLATE.—Captain Machell's Lady Macdonald filly (F. Archer), 1; Northern Light, 2; Quiter, 3. 9 ran.  
The BUSHES HANDICAP.—Mr. Acton's Thornfield (J. Macdonald), 1; The Scot, 2; Adventurer, 3. 5 ran.  
The FIRST YEAR OF THE TWENTY-FIRST NEWMARKET BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. H. E. Beddington's Alchemist (F. Archer), 1; Khamseen, 2; Leghorn, 3. 9 ran.  
The DOUBLE TRIAL PLATE.—Captain C. Patrick's Landrail (F. Archer), 1; Vol-au-Vent, 2; Aurelie, 3. 7 ran.  
The BRETTY PLATE.—Lord Anglesey's Dunmow (C. Wood), 1; The Scot, 2; Camembert, 3. 8 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The CLARET STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Insulaire (J. Goater), 1; Hydromel, 2. 2 ran.  
The COLUMN PRODUCE STAKES.—Mr. Bowes's Reconciliation (C. Wood), 1; Charibert, 2; Ringleader, 3. 3 ran.  
An ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Captain Machell's Oxonian (F. Archer), 1; Rally, 2; Famagosta, 3. 5 ran.  
The TWENTY-FIRST SALE STAKES.—Mr. Naylor's Knight of Burghley (T. Chaloner), 1; Colorado, 2; Kingfisher, 3. 3 ran.  
A MAIDEN PLATE.—Lord Roslyn's Nightcap (F. Archer), 1; Red Lion, 2; Explosion, 3. 4 ran.  
A PLATE.—Lord Hartington's Witchery (Gallon), 1; Bondsman, 2; Atlas, 3. 5 ran.  
The ROUS COURSE HANDICAP PLATE.—Captain Machell's Pardon (F. Archer), 1; Bishop Burton, 2; Devotee, 3. 5 ran.  
The NEWMARKET HANDICAP.—Mr. P. Lorillard's Parole (Morbey), 1; Leonomy, 2; Lina, 3. 6 ran.  
The FREE HANDICAP and a PLATE of 100 sovs did not fill.

THURSDAY.

The SECOND YEAR OF THE TWENTY-FIRST NEWMARKET BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. T. Gee's Cyprus (Morgan), 1; Thurio, 2; Potentate, 3. 3 ran.  
The REFUSE TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Captain Machell's Returns (F. Archer), 1; King's County, 2; Explosion, 3. 4 ran.  
A SELLING PLATE.—Captain Machell's Lounger (F. Archer), 1; Cremation, 2; Oxonian, 3. 10 ran.  
A POST SWEETSTAKES.—Mr. Bowes's Reconciliation (C. Wood), w.o.  
A PLATE.—Mr. F. Grettton's Chios (Lemaire), 1; Kingfisher, 2; Stithery, 3. 6 ran.  
A SWEETSTAKES.—Colonel Forester's Tower and Sword (F. Archer), 1; Alfred the Good, 2; Garter King, 3. 4 ran.  
A WELTER HANDICAP SWEETSTAKES.—Captain Machell's Sign Manual (F. Archer), 1; Suffolk Lad, 2; Eminence, 3. 3 ran.  
The CRAVEN STAKES.—Mr. R. R. Christopher's Discord (G. Wood), 1; Prologue, 2; Fragrance colt, 3. 7 ran.

## LICHFIELD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

MATCH for £50.—Lord Shrewsbury's Muletter (Owner), 1; Marquis, 2. 2 ran.  
A MAIDEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. Percival's Sweetmeat (Mr. R. Shaw), 1; Restoration, 2; Lightheart, 3. 5 ran.  
The OPEN HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. H. M. Jackson's Mercia (J. Holman), 1; Glensiel, 2; Bandsman, 3. 7 ran.  
A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. T. Stevens's Homeward Bound (H. Davis), 1; Birbeck, 2; Helen Mar, 3. 4 ran.  
The GOSFALL HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Mynor's Crusader (Mr. Spence), 1; Miss Clifton, 2. 6 ran.  
The BRADDESERT HUNT CUP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. G. Clement's Bristol (Mr. H. M. Rudd), 1; Liris, 2; Milton, 3. 7 ran.  
The BURTON HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. H. Wood's Bess (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Lady Shrewsbury, 2; Nighshade, 3. 6 ran.  
A HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Toon's Kinsman (S. Daniels), 1; Serape, 2; Caper, 3. 3 ran.

THURSDAY.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. J. M. Richardson's Gossip (Mr. T. Spence), 1; Moriturns, 2; Monument, 3. 3 ran.  
The WHITTINGTON OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. E. Fryer's St. Anthony (Mr. Friend), 1; Mercia, 2; The Owl, 3. 4 ran.  
The LICHFIELD HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Militant (Levitt), 1; St. Bees, 2. 2 ran.  
INGESTRE HUNTERS' HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. Trimmer's Glensiel (H. Davis), 1; Lady Shrewsbury, 0. 2 ran.  
A SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. James's Springflower (Pittman), 1; Homeward Bound, 2; Helen Mar, 3. 4 ran.  
An OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. H. Wood's Bess (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Comical, 2. 2 ran.  
The FREEFORD HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Toon's Kinsman (S. Daniels), 1; Spring Flower, 2; Midsummer, 3. 4 ran.  
A SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE did not fill.  
The SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE PLATE did not fill.

## TORQUAY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' PLATE.—Belle of the Ball, 1; Davenport, 2. 6 ran.  
WEST OF ENGLAND OPEN HANDICAP.—Alstone, 1; Comedy, 2; Master Skeratt, 3. 7 ran.  
PAIGNTON OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE.—Despise, 1; Modern School, 2; Ruby, 3. 5 ran.  
TORQUAY HANDICAP SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—Little Belle, 1; Messmate, 2; Sydenham, 3. 5 ran.  
THURSDAY.  
TORBAY AND SOUTH DEVON CUP.—Mr. John Holman's Alstone (A. Holman), 1; Sea Lawyer, 2; Kate, 0. 3 ran.  
The WESTERN COUNTIES MEMBERS' STAKES.—Mr. L. Derney's The Buck (Mr. Riley), 1; Virago, 2. 5 ran.

## EAST KENT RACES.

WEDNESDAY.

MATCH.—Lady Baker, 1; Crinoline, 2. 2 ran.  
An OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Lord Stanley, 1; Maud, 2. 5 ran.  
The EAST KENT HUNT CUP.—Cocky, 1; Athol, 2; Old Romaney, 3. 4 ran.  
OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Cavaliero, 1; Lady Baker, 2; St. Ivan, 3. 3 ran.  
FARMERS' CUP.—Miss Puff, 1; Lightning, 2; Losing Card, 3. 4 ran.  
PRODUCE CUP.—Harkaway, 1; Via, 2; Earl, 3. 5 ran.  
HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Falkenberg, 1; The Ace, 2; Miss Puff, 3. 6 ran.  
MILITARY STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—La Perichole, 1; Rifleman, 2; Pilgrim, 0. 3 ran.

## BROCKLESBY RACES.

WEDNESDAY.

The BROCKLESBY OPEN STEEPLECHASE.—Askam, 1; The Lunatic, 2. 6 ran.  
The MEMBERS' RACE.—Hainton, 1; Monarch, 2. 4 ran.  
LADY YARBOROUGH'S CUP.—Bonny Blue Flag, 1; Fairy, 2; g by Morocco, 3. 6 ran.  
MR. HENEAGE'S CUP.—Shillelagh, 1. 3 ran.

## CURRAGH RACES.

TUESDAY.

SCURRY STAKES HANDICAP.—Socrates, 1; La Fiancée, 2; Little Prince, 3. 5 ran.  
MADRID STAKES.—Valentine, 1; Solvent, 2; Lady of the Lake, 3. 8 ran.  
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Philammon, 1; Shinglas, 2; Whisket, 3. 5 ran.  
CURRAGH PLATE.—Marchioness, 1; Prince Frederick, 2; Valorous, 3. 6 ran.  
KILDARE HANDICAP.—Venice, 1; Bellerophon, 2; Matilda, 3. 6 ran.  
WEDNESDAY.  
The WELINGTON STAKES.—Brilliant, 1; Sisypheus, 2; Venice, 3. 6 ran.  
The FLYING HANDICAP STAKES.—F. by Uncas—Hetty, 1; Look Out, 2; f by Uncas—Eblana, 3. 3 ran.  
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mrs. Bagot, 1; Miriam, 2; Solace, 3. 5 ran.  
MAIDENS' HANDICAP.—Atlas, 1; Marchioness, 2; Agar Ellis, 3. 5 ran.  
HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Green Erin, 1; Latch Key, 2; Cimaroon, 3. 7 ran.

THURSDAY.

TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. S. Lyon's Socrates (P. Behan), w.o.  
HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Lee's Marchioness (Kenny), 1; Exile, 2; La Fiancée, 3. 5 ran.

## CATTERICK BRIDGE RACES.

THURSDAY.

The TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Boudoir (Fagan), 1; Patrol, 2; Vict. Filly, 3. 11 ran.  
The HORNBY CASTLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Cowan's Clearhead (Luke), 1; Mars, 2; Palmbearer, 3. 9 ran.  
The ZETLAND PLATE.—Lord Zetland's Gramerci (Snowden), 1; Lady Randolph, filly, 2; Cariboo colt, 3. 8 ran.  
The BEDALE HUNT STAKES.—Puck (Mr. R. Shaw), 1; Sykes, 2; Syren, 3. 7 ran.  
GRAVEN HANDICAP PLATE.—Lady of Jervaux colt, 1; Maximus, 2; Miriam, 3. 11 ran.

## ABERGAVENNY RACES.

THURSDAY.

The OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. Davies's Dainty (Wilson), 1; Punch, 2; Rocket, 3. 3 ran.  
The HUNT CUP.—Mr. R. Herbert's Aide-de-Camp (Owner), 1; Gingerbread, 2; Maggie, 3. 4 ran.  
The OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Goldfinder (J. Rudd), 1; Golden Cross, 2; Forester, 3. 4 ran.  
MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT CLUB STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. F. Herbert's Huzzar (Captain Herbert), 1; The Curate, 2. 2 ran.

For the convenience of passengers wishing to book beforehand for the Epsom Spring Meeting, the Brighton Company's West-End Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evening of Monday 21st and Tuesday 22nd, inst. for the issue of tickets and affording general information.

## STUD NEWS.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—April 3rd, the Stud Company's Maid of Perth, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to Blue Gown; 6th, the Stud Company's Violet, a colt by See Saw, and will be put to Wild Oats; 9th, the Stud Company's Trickish, twin fillies by Doncaster (both dead), and will be put to George Frederick. Arrived to Blue Gown: April 3rd, Major Starkie's Clemence, in foal to King Lad; Her Majesty's Muta, with foal by Adventurer; 8th, Mr. J. Barnard Hankey's Gloire de Dijon, with foal by Mentmore; the Stud Company's Southern Cross. Arrived to Wild Oats: April 9th, Mr. J. Barnard Hankey's Scotch Hag, with filly by Cymbal. Arrived to George Frederick: April 7th, Mr. John Billinghurst's Miss Graceful. April 10th, Mr. Tattersall's Her Ladyship, a bay filly by Blue Gown, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Kentish Rose, a chestnut filly by George Frederick, and will be put to him again; 11th, Mr. W. Bowman's Little Princess, a bay colt by Wild Oats, and will be put to George Frederick; 15th, Mr. James Cassidy's Trieste, a bay filly by Roman Bee, and will be put to Blue Gown; 16th, Lord Falmonth's Nike, a bay filly by Macaroni, and will be put to Wild Oats. Arrived to Blair Athol: April 10th, Mr. Thomas Gee's Lady Dewhurst, with colt by Blair Athol. Arrived to Wild Oats: April 10th, Mr. W. R. Marshall's Dec, in foal to Trent; the Stud Company's Rose of Kent. Arrived to Blue Gown: April 12th, Mr. W. Farnell Watson's Maid of the Valley. Arrived to George Frederick: April 12th, Mr. E. B. Jenkins's Benares, with foal by Wild Oats. Arrived to Kaiser: April 14th, Mr. H. Hesker's Quick Sand, with filly by Cremorne.

EAST HORSLEY TOWERS, Leatherhead, Surrey.—February 15th, Lord Lovelace's Benefactress, a chestnut colt by Mirmillo, and will be put to him again; April 7th, Lord Lovelace's Benares, a chestnut filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to George Frederick; 9th, Lord Lovelace's Lady Highfield, a brown colt by Carnival, and will be put to Blue Gown; 10th, Lord Lovelace's Harmony, a bay filly by George Frederick, and will be put to him again. Mirmillo is by Gladiateur out of Lady Chesterfield (dam of Armada).

THE HENBURY'S, Moseley, Birmingham.—On the 10th inst., the Marden Deer Park Stud's Heather, by Breadalbane, a filly by Guy Dayrell, and will be put to Jolly Friar.

MYTON STUD FARM, near York.—April 10th, Major Stapylton's Wax (dam of Sign Manual and Satira), by Surplice out of Beeswax, a colt-foal by Syrian, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Syrian: Earl Feversham's Phantom Sail, by the Flying Dutchman, barren to Lowlander; Hon. G. E. Lascelles's Benedictine, by Cathedral out of Alma, with foal by Kaiser; Major Stapylton's Sabrina, by Lord Lyon, out of Atoneum, shipped a filly-foal by Saluator, and will be put to Syrian. The following also of Major Stapylton's mares will be put to Syrian: Josephine, by Soapstone out of Gloire de Dijon barren, Raffle (dam of Blue Ruin), by Alarm out of the Swede; Doefoot (dam of Star and Garter), by King of Trumps out of Passion Flower.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, North-Eastern Railway, Co. Durham.—Mr. J. H. Greave's Mirth, by Lord Clifden, and will be put to Macgregor. Mr. Clark's Ratcheter's Daughter, a ch filly by Ceruleus, and will be put to Macgregor. Lexicon, by Lord Clifden, a bay filly by Macgregor, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macgregor: Lord Fitzwilliam's Aniseed, by Julius out of Rhodium, by Rataplan, in foal to Lecturer. Mr. Dudley Milner's Queen Bee (dam of Kingsclere), by King Tom. Mr. Deighton's mare by Rataplan—Julia. Mr. Clark's Ratcheter's Daughter (dam of Grassendale) by Rataplan. Sandstone, by Stockwell, and Pardalote, by Stockwell. Arrived to Claremont:—Maggie (dam of Activity, Number Nip, &c.), by Voltigeur. Vishnu (dam of Mandarin, &c.), by Lambton. Harriet Laws (Winner of Northumberland Plate). Manie (dam of K.G. and Keleburne, &c.), by De Clare. Malapropos (sister to Manie), Ammunition, by Vedette, mare by Speculum—Happy Queen. Arrived to Argyle:—Mr. A. Faill's Wild Aggie, by Wild Boar (maiden). Mr. J. Annett's Red Hind, by Breadalbane. Mr. Fenwick's mare. Mr. John Walker's Moorgame, by Gameboy. Mr. Chas. Henderson's Old Girl. Mr. C. Hill's mare by Littlecock, in foal to Macgregor. Dr. Murray's h b mare. Mr. J. Wilson's mare, and Mr. R. Johnson's h b mare.

BEENHAM HOUSE STUD FARM, April 16, 1879.—On April 8: Mr. H. Waring's Ursula, a br colt by Cremorne, and will be put to Cymbal. April 11: Mr. H. Waring's Inquisition, a bay filly by Hermit, and will be put to King of the Forest. April 16th: Mr. Everitt's Matchless, a bay colt by Paul Jones, and will be put to King of the Forest.

FINSTALL, Broms Grove.—Jan. 15th, Mr. W. B. Everitt's Vicar's Daughter, chestnut filly by Cardinal York, and put to Pellegrino; 23rd, Love Letter, bay colt by Ethus, and put to Pellegrino; 29th, Miss Lizzie, by Oxford, bay colt by Pellegrino, and put to him again; Christmas Fare, bay colt by Cardinal York, and put to Pellegrino; Hirondele, by Macaroni, bay colt by Cardinal York, and put to Pellegrino. Feb. 3rd, Jeanie Deans, chestnut filly by Cardinal York, and put to Paul Jones; 16th, Lord Durham's Artemis, bay colt by King of the Forest, and put to Cardinal York; 19th, Mr. Everitt's Ethel Blair, chestnut filly by Pellegrino, and put to him again; 26th, Mulberry, brown filly by Paul Jones, and put to him again. March 7, Celosia, bay filly by Cardinal York, and put to him again; 12th, Gorgon, by Parmesan out of Sefton's dam, brown filly by Paul Jones, and put to Pellegrino; 13th, Patronage, by Prime Minister out of Cremorne's dam, bay colt by Cardinal York, and put to him again; 18th, Wanda, by Parmesan out of Grand Duchess, brown filly by Paul Jones (dead), and put to him again; 21st, Nanny Thormanby, bay filly by Pellegrino, and put to him again; 26th, Nell Gwynne, by St. Albans, bay colt by Cardinal York, and put to him again; 27th, Laura, dam of Whitebait, bay colt by Pellegrino, and put to him again; 30th, Devotion, by Vedette, bay filly by Cardinal York, and put to him again; 31st, Mr. H. Waring's Fright, sister to Vulcan, chestnut colt by Mortimer, and put to Pellegrino; April 3rd, Mr. Everitt's Zelle, dam of Zuechero, bay filly by Winslow, and put to Pellegrino; 6th, Mr. Etches's Landscape, chestnut filly by Cardinal York, and put to Pellegrino; 9th, Savor Vivre, bay filly by Paul Jones, and put to Pellegrino; 10th, Mr. Suddier's Belle, bay colt by Paul Jones. Arrived to Paul Jones: Mr. Harvey's Gaddy; Mr. Everitt's Moselle, by Parmesan, maiden; Sister of Mercy, (sister to Rosciucian); Favilla, by Cardinal York, maiden. Arrived to Pellegrino: Mr. R. Peck's Duchess of Albany, by Pretender, maiden; Mr. R. D. Green-Price's Décolletée, with foal by Kingcraft; Mr. Everitt's Corybantica, in foal to Pellegrino; Scintilla, in foal to Ethus; Belle of Hooton, barren. Arrived to Cardinal York: Lord Durham's Florry, barren, to Strathconan.

LONDON COTTAGE MISSION.—To all appearance trade seems to be in as depressed a condition as ever. Such, evidently, was our opinion as we saw the crowd of hungry and ragged children who flocked in hundreds to the sixteenth Irish stew dinner, which was given on Wednesday at the Conder-street Hall, Limehouse, E. The hall was three times filled with the little ones, who with much relish partook of this nourishing meal, all pronouncing the stew excellent. Several had not broken their fast for a terribly long time, and sadly needed such charitable aid. The assortment of dishes brought by the little ones caused much amusement, varying in size from a tea-saucer to a washing-basin. It is with deep regret we learn that this charity (whose office is at 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C.), which has been unremitting in its efforts to feed the little ones during this severe and prolonged winter, has come to its last pound, and we sincerely hope that our many readers who have large hearts and pockets will immediately strengthen and aid such a real and excellent charity. Contributions in aid of the above good work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. Walter Austin, at the office of the Mission, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C.; and by Miss F. Napton, 304, Burdett-road, Limehouse, E.

CHARLES ROWELL arrived in London at Euston Station at a quarter past nine p.m. on Saturday evening, accompanied by his two attendants, Charles Asplin and John Simpson. Mr. Geo. W. Atkinson (of the *Sporting Life*), who officiated as referee for the match in America, also journeyed from Liverpool by the same train. The World's Champion met with a most hearty reception.

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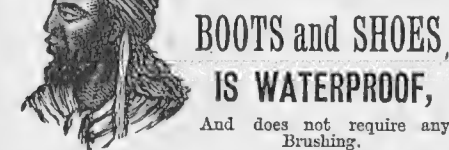
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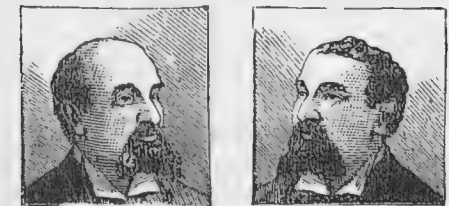
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"THE 'ARCHIMEDEAN' DID THE BEST WORK OF ANY LAWN MOWER EXHIBITED."  
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"Far superior to any of ours."—*Vide The Field.*  
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IT IS THE CHEAPEST OF ALL FERRUGINOUS COMPOUNDS, AS A BOTTLE OF IT LASTS A MONTH.  
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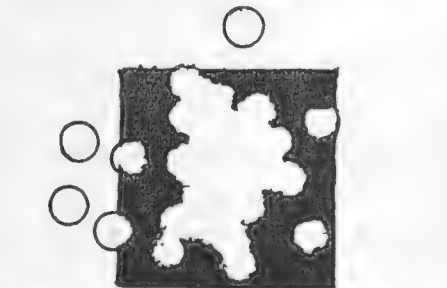
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## HORSE AUCTIONS.

Important sale of first-class horses.—In consequence of Messrs. Anderson and Sheward's retirement from business.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions to sell by AUCTION, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, May 2 and 3, upon the premises, without reserve, the entire stock of about 100 superior HORSES of every description, which have been carefully selected, and many of them purchased direct from the breeders at high prices. Gentlemen in search of valuable horses, either as hunters, hacks, or high-stepping harness horses, will find this such an opportunity as does not often occur.

Full particulars will be given in catalogues, which will be ready in about a week's time.

The sale at Green-street will take place on Friday, May 2, when the Lease and Goodwill of the Business will be put up for sale.

The horses for hunting and steeplechase purposes will be sold at Mapesbury Farm, Willesden, on Saturday, May 3, when the lease and goodwill will also be offered for sale.

All further particulars will appear in the catalogue. No horses will be sold privately after this date.

## THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL SALE OF THE QUORN HORSES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from J. Coupland, Esq., to sell by AUCTION, near Albert-gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, May 19, FORTY FIRST-CLASS HORSES, regularly hunted; ten hacks and harness horses.

Further particulars in future papers.

## THURSDAY'S SALES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that their THURSDAY'S SALES will COMMENCE on APRIL 24, and be continued throughout the season. Horses having stalls taken must be sent in on the Tuesday previous by 2 o'clock, or the stalls will be filled up.

Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, March 22, 1879.

## BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

**MR. RYMILL** will sell by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, etc.

## SEWELL'S, DUBLIN.

**MR. SEWELL** begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry that his ANNUAL PUNCESTOWN AUCTIONS will take place as advertised, on the 21st, 24th, and 25th of April, 1879. Catalogues will be forwarded on application to the Repository, Lower Mount-street, Dublin.

**CART and VAN HORSES, THURSDAY NEXT**, April 24th, and Every Thursday, by AUCTION, at TWELVE o'clock to the minute, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM. Stalls should be engaged early.

N.B.—Harness at Eleven; carriages about Three.

**HUNTERS and STUDS, THURSDAY NEXT**, April 24th, by AUCTION, at One o'clock, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM (The Old Beardsworth's).

Gentlemen having Hunters to dispose of are invited to send them to any of the Weekly Thursday sales. Hunters are offered every Thursday at One. Stalls should be engaged early.

N.B.—Harness at Eleven; carriages about Three.

**SANDOWN PARK CLUB, ESHER, SURREY.**

## SECOND SPRING MEETING

Will take place on THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, April 24th, 25th, 26th. Commencing at 2 o'clock each day. Frequent Trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and other Stations as advertised. A Special Train for members only will leave Waterloo Station from No. 5 Platform at 12.30 each day.

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Entries for British and Foreign Horses, Asses, Mules, Cattle, Sheep, Goats, Pigs, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Bacon, Fresh and Preserved Meats, Bees, Cider, and Perry, close on May 1st. Post-entries from British Exhibitors will be received up to May 15th on extra payment.

Certificates received after the proper date will be returned to the senders.

Prize Sheets and Certificates will be forwarded on specific application to

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**PARIS LOTTERY.**—The French Official List of 10,500 UNCLAIMED PRIZES may be had Retail and Wholesale at the offices of the "Model" Printing Press, 3, Ludgate Circus Buildings, London, E.C. Price 6d., post free 6½d.

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**COSTA:** by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), at 10gs, and 10s. the groom. Subscriptions to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, London, S.W.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager.

## TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

GEORGE J.—The late Mr. Keeley was the original Leporello in Moncrieff's *Giovanni in London*, long prior to the time when Madame Vestris took the town by storm with it. The piece was from the first immensely attractive. It is now being played at the Victoria Theatre, under Mr. Cave's management.

M. E.—In 1846 Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke organized, or endeavoured to organize, a society of Englishwomen for the erection of a monument to Shakespeare in Hyde Park. She was then residing at Craven Cottage, Bayswater. But no statue came of the attempt.

THESPIA.—Mr. Rae died on September 8th, 1820. He made his first London appearance in June, 1806, as Octavian in *The Mountaineers*. He was in high estimation at Liverpool, where he was long known as an actor of great talent.

E. R. W.—The operatic drama of *Guy Rannery* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1816. Mr. Liston played Dominie Sampson; Mr. Emery, Dandie Dimont; and Mr. Sinclair, Henry Bertram. Meg Merrilies was played by Mrs. Egerton. It was adapted for the stage from Sir Walter Scott's famous novel, by Mr. Terry, who was intimately acquainted with the author.

HOBART.—Sheridan Knowles *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green* was produced at Drury Lane, November 22nd, 1828. It was not repeated.

C. W. H.—*Black-Eyed Susan* was written by the late Douglas Jerrold, and first produced at the Surrey Theatre on June 8th, 1829, when Mr. T. P. Cooke played William.

SIDE-WING.—No. Cicero first described the stage as the imitation of life: the mirror of manners, the representation of truth, in the following line: "*Imitatio vite, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*."

PLAYWRIGHT.—If, as a stranger, we sent a play to any manager we should certainly keep a copy of it.

SUBSCRIBER.—The tragedian, Mr. S. Butler, died before his wife, who was a teacher of stage elocution, residing in Bernard-street, Russell-square. We cannot give you the date of her death.

JOB.—Mr. Newton Treen Hicks made his first appearance at the Royalty Theatre as Richard III. in 1824, when he was twelve years of age.

F. ABEL.—Queen Anne prohibited the use of masks in theatres in 1704.

P. suggests the advisability of establishing a theatre for the acting of original plays, a kind of first trial establishment, under the direction of a competent actor and a successful dramatic author.

CARLISLE.—Genteel comedy and juvenile tragedy.

CRITIC.—Writes to say that in his opinion Mr. Hollingshead's definition of "female actresses" is a correct and necessary one, seeing that so many actresses are in the worst sense of the word masculine. But we fear it was to the latter rather than to the former that Mr. Hollingshead referred. How then?

## MUSICAL.

DOUBTFUL (Stuttgart).—You enquire "whether a barytone voice should be produced directly from the chest through the throat, without vibrating in the head?" We may observe that every voice must vibrate in the head. Probably we may be able to supply the information you require if we briefly state the method of voice-production which should be adopted by barytones. If you sing a plain ascending scale from your lowest note upwards, using "open" production, viz., "chest" notes, you will arrive at a point where it will be difficult to continue singing upwards in this style. This "break of the voice" generally occurs on the D (4th line), or the E next following. From this point you should employ the "close" style of voice production, or "head" (not "falsetto") notes. With careful study you will become able to use the "open" and the "close" styles indifferently on the "break" note, and on the note above it, and the note below. It is very injurious to the voice to force the "chest voice" too high, and many promising singers have in this manner ruined their chances of permanent success. You will find detailed information on the subject in Manuel Garcia's great work on singing, and our views on the subject are the result of 35 years' experience.

DELTA.—Madame Mary Cummings is not related to Mr. W. H. Cummings.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

DANGER.—It used to be a common form of expression. Goldsmith in his "Traveller" wrote, "I set me down a pensive hour to spend."

R. A. S.—The action was mean and tricky, one of which no gentleman would be guilty.

FANNY.—As we do not approve of "taking off" ladies' dresses in public, your communication is declined.

Y. A.—1. On the contrary, Mr. George Francis Train was then a staunch teetotaler. 2. We only know that he was left an orphan when four years of age. 3. We don't know where, and have no curiosity to learn.

G. J.—"World-noted Women" was published in America, by Appleton.

A. W.—If we did not reply, it was because we were not in possession of the information you required. You cannot expect that we are never at a loss whatever the query may be.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

## TURF PROSPECTS.

We have not as yet advanced very far into the racing season, but we are fairly entitled to judge of the whole by a part, and we have already seen enough to enable us to hazard a pretty correct opinion upon the sort of campaign

in which we are likely to be engaged. There are plenty of indications that it will be up to the average in point of interest and success, but we may be permitted to doubt whether it will be distinguished by any of those sensational features which mark the era of inflated prosperity rather than that of steady going progress. We look forward to the Turf quietly holding its own, perhaps in a somewhat smooth and uneventful fashion, its course marked by none of the feverish fits of extravagance and reckless gambling which are to be regarded as symptoms of a plethora of wealth lavished upon sport by the golden youth of the age. It is not in accordance with the temper of "bad times" that one of society's most expensive amusements should be able to boast of many recruits; it is enough if the Turf can manage to retain those who constitute its very backbone—the lovers of racing for racing sake—the Falmouths, the Westminsters, the Houldsworths, and kindred spirits of our day, who can afford to regard the course of events with composure, indifferent to the state of the odds, the price of yearlings, or the machinations of those who live of and by the "profession" of horse-racing. We have sustained great losses since last year in men like Mr. George Payne and General Peel, old and well-tried supporters of the game; but it is satisfactory to note that the few accessions to the Turf of late have been noblemen and gentlemen of high stamp and good reputation, with some credit and character to lose, and not likely to be betrayed into risking their all in wild speculation, nor to have recourse to the system of "wet-nursing" which has been carried on so extensively for many years past, more to the advantage of so-called friends, philosophers, and guides, than of those tied to their apron-strings.

Of racing there will, as usual, be abundance; but we fancy we perceive wholesome indications of an intention to compress rather than extend operations at more than one old-established meeting—a wise return to the ancient paths, from which many were led astray in the vain hope of rendering bread sparsely buttered as palatable to the public taste as more liberally furnished food. Only such places as Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and Newmarket, relying upon mixed traditions of antiquity, liberality, and popularity, can hope to keep their heads high in the world in times of national depression; the weaker brethren, therefore, must accept the situation and be content with holding their own, until another wave of enthusiasm for racing and betting floats them on the tide of prosperity once again. If the list of fixtures is not so long as in former years, it is owing to the lesser degree of encouragement and support accorded to minor meetings, the disappearance of which none will be found to regret save those who directly or indirectly derived advantage from their administration or advocacy; and thus attention and patronage are likely to be more concentrated upon really important and well-conducted gatherings. At these high-class festivals of sport entries still increase and multiply; but their promoters have discovered, *sero sed serio*, that it will not do to march with the times, and that they cannot, chameleon-like, exist upon the air of a mere reputation. Of certain objectionable "ramps," which shall now be nameless, we are happily rid, and altogether a healthier and more genuine tone appears to prevail, the result, it may be, only of a temporary lull in racing affairs, but none the less welcome on that account, as showing that they can be conducted as a means of public amusement and interest without the concomitants of insane plunging and purchasing which rendered notorious an almost extinct species of Turf butterflies, whose example remains to deter others from singeing their wings in the same candle.

As regards speculation a similarly quiet, reasonable, and "hum-drum" tone pervades the market; nor is business likely to freshen up again until a new instalment of hare-brained youths is let loose upon the Turf, when we have no doubt they will find ample opportunities of getting rid of their superfluous cash, and bookmakers will once more sharpen their pencils for a brush with the new-comers. We forget who it was, but we rather think it was the late Admiral Rous, who promulgated his opinion that we should come to post-betting before many years were past; but whoever was the utterer of that prediction, his words have come singularly true, as, after many years' "drifting," we have at length reached the point in question. The reason for this may be looked for in the mutual desire of both sides to decline the system of warfare heretofore waged so fiercely. The fielders have found that, with opportunities for information of which backers can now avail themselves relative to the health and condition of the various candidates, the game of long odds in early anticipation of the results of races is not a paying game; while, on the other hand, inconsiderate would-be investors on these horses have found to their cost that shorter odds and a run for their money is preferable to running the risk of forestallment. As long as people began nibbling at a handicap even before the appearance of the weights, so long did it pay an unscrupulous and designing section of owners of horses to keep certain animals for market purposes, and so to work them as to derive great benefits from milking operations. Several stables which were once notorious for robberies of this kind have ceased to carry on business since their little games were stopped; and we have happily lost sight altogether of certain coteries who laid themselves out to fleece the public, greatly to the advantage of backers, who cannot now burn their fingers without absolutely courting the few "gentle Kitties with their milking pails" who still do a small trade about the country.

We heartily wish we could perceive any reasonable chance of a speedy abatement of the great welshing nuisance, but any reform in this direction seems hopeless without the co-operation of solvent and respectable bookmakers in a scheme having for its object the protection of themselves and of their clients. Municipal and other authorities may deem themselves capable of stamping it out, but they must soon desist from so hopeless a crusade; and the remedy, as we have over and over again insisted, must be from within. Meanwhile the public are likely to suffer in pocket, and the Turf in reputation, from the recurrence of scenes on our racecourses which are a scandal and disgrace to any civilised community.

With the waters of speculation (in both senses of the word as regards racing enterprise and betting) at so low an ebb, it cannot be expected that so much money as heretofore

will be forthcoming for the sinews of war, and breeders of yearling stock must therefore make up their minds for an indifferent season, of which there were clear indications in 1878, though it was evident things had not then come to the worst. As a slight set off to the depreciation of blood-stock, fodder and litter are likely to be cheap enough, more especially if a year of plenty is in store for us; and those who fancy to go in for breeding at this period of depression may hope to pick up good class brood mares at a reasonable rate.

The Turf may probably be all the better for having passed through times such as those we are now experiencing, and may emerge from its period of "suspended animation" more vigorous in tone than before, for there is nothing like the uses of adversity for purging the men or systems they affect from the many faults and drawbacks incurred during days of inflated success and prosperity. But those who yearn for more stirring times need take no alarm at the symptoms now prevailing; nay, they may rest assured of their speedy disappearance after a few more turns in the wheel of time, which will bring round the "golden age" again quickly enough.

## THE EASTER HUNT IN EPPING FOREST.

On Monday morning last, although the weather was bitterly cold and threatening, the stations on the Great Eastern Railway were besieged by holiday-makers, and the road from Lea-bridge to Loughton crowded with all kinds of vehicles, all bound for Epping Forest.

Owing to the long and severe winter, the Forest at this moment, says a contemporary, presents a most remarkable appearance. For miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach, it is of one uniform rich brown colour, the hornbeam (the principal tree of the forest) being still covered thickly with its dead leaves and, with the exception of the thorn, which is just bursting into leaf, not a single tree gives evidence of spring. Except on the high lands, the Forest is literally a swamp, and snow is still lying deep in many places. The marked improvement which has taken place in the appearance of the Forest since the Corporation became the custodian is very noticeable. At Queen Elizabeth's Hunting-lodge, at Chigwell, the Corporation are building a new hotel, have laid out a beautiful sheet of ornamental water, and opened out a spring which supplies the entire neighbourhood with pure water. The practice of "lopping" having been put down, the growth of the timber has been marvellous, and, moreover, hundreds of additional young trees and shrubs are being planted on various drives. The game, more especially the wild deer (a herd of 13, of which two brace, being five-year-olds, with full heads of antlers, were on Monday disturbed within a hundred yards of Mr. Luffman, the head keeper's lodge), has increased wonderfully, and a movement has been set on foot by the resident gentry to invite the Duke of Connaught, whom her Majesty has appointed Ranger of the Forest, to a grand hunt, to take place in the coming autumn. The protection of the wild birds has produced great results, and both the farmers and keepers do everything to circumvent the birdcatchers, either by running dogs over their nets or lighting fires of brushwood, which effectually scares the birds from the decoy.

At Loughton and High Beach, which, from the fact of its being the meet of the hunt, was the centre of attraction, the crowd was enormous by noon, and not less than 20,000 persons could have been present. Steam-horses, swings, &c., were in great demand, whilst donkey and horse riding were also much affected. Since last year the Corporation have licensed all drivers, and, as a case of cruelty means forfeiture of the license, the treatment of the poor animals is much more humane. Unfortunately for the success of the famous Easter Hunt, Mr. C. Burrell, who for 25 years has acted as huntsman, was, through a family bereavement, unable to be present, and the result was that the impromptu huntsman whose services were enlisted, on the unearthing of the deer in the Fairmead, succeeded in losing within 10 minutes both hind and hounds, both of which were specially sent from Lord Petre's park. Hind and hounds, evidently recognising the lack of the master hand, at once made a straight line for home, leaving the followers in the lurch. At five o'clock a heavy sleet storm set in, and a hurried move was made for the station.

## GRAND NATIONAL HUNT.

A general meeting of the Grand National Hunt Committee will be held at Messrs. Weatherby's office, Old Burlington-street, on Monday, April 21, at twelve o'clock noon.

The Stewards will propose that Rules 68 and 141 shall be altered as follows. The words in italic show the alterations:—

68. So long as the name of a person is in any Forfeit List he cannot subscribe to any sweepstakes, and no horse can be entered by him, or under his subscription, for any race, whether acting as an agent or otherwise, and no horse which has been entered by him, or in his name, or under his subscription, or of which he is wholly or partly the owner, or which, after his default, has been twice published in the "Racing Calendar," shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards to be under his care, training, management, or superintendence, shall be qualified to run for any race; and so long as any horse is in any Forfeit List such horse shall not be entered or run for any race.

141. When a person is warned off all courses where these rules are in force, and so long as his exclusion continues, he shall not be qualified, whether acting as an agent or otherwise, to subscribe for or to enter or run any horse for any race either in his own name or in that of any other person, and any horse of which he is wholly or partly the owner, or which after the fact of his being warned off has been twice published in the "Racing Calendar," shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards to be under his care, training, management, or superintendence, shall be disqualified.—*Racing Calendar*.

In a football match at Manchester between teams chosen from gentlemen of the theatrical profession located at Manchester and Liverpool, one of the players for Manchester, as well known for his splendid physique, fine voice, and genial good-fellowship as for his skill in his profession, but whose name it would not perhaps be in the main right to mention, appeared on the field in the conventional costume of a stage buccaneer, viz., sea-boots with tops reaching to his thighs, dark blue jersey, and sou'-wester. During the progress of the game he was several times requested to play up, until exasperation drew forth, "How the devil can I play up when you fellows are always running off with the ball?" When the laughter had subsided a little someone said, "I thought you knew how to play football," to which our friend replied, "Never saw a game in my life, but I understood that before we commenced the rules were to be read over."—*The Sporting Chronicle*.

The Ranelagh Club re-opens on the 1st May, when the new cricket-ground will be ready for use.



LOVE'S VICTORY.  
A DRAMATIC STORY  
Adapted expressly for this paper.  
By HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

It never seemed to occur to Zita that M. Noriac might be as treacherous as Goriot when he saw that all was lost. She only seated herself beside Paul and implored him to tell her all the details of these attempted assassinations.

The Countess never doubted for a moment but that Paul was as madly in love with her as Masson and the rest had been. During the last two years the image of Paul had dwelt in her thoughts, until she had mistaken the illusion of her desires for the reality.

In the meantime he described to her his position, lamenting how hard it would be to begin the world anew. And she, usually so clear-sighted, was not surprised that, after having displayed so much disinterestedness, he should deplore his losses so bitterly, and seem to value money so highly.

"Why do you not marry a rich woman?" she suddenly asked him.

He replied with an assumption of candour of which he would not have supposed himself capable the day before,—

"What! Do you—you, Zita!—give me such advice?"

He said it with such a natural air of aggrieved surprise that Zita was delighted.

"Do you really, really love me?"

The sound of a key turning in the door interrupted them.

"Go, now!" she said in an undertone. "You shall know to-morrow the bride I have chosen for you. Come and breakfast with us at eleven o'clock. Go now," and, kissing him passionately, she pushed him out of the room.

"I am playing an abominable game," he said to himself, as he went down the stairs, half bewildered with this scene. "She does love me!" He was roused from his stupor by the sight of Papa Grassot waiting for him below, hidden in a corner of his carriage.

"Is it you?" Paul asked.

"Yes; and it was well I came. But for me the Count would have detained you; but I rescued you by sending him up a letter. Come, tell me all."

Paul recounted, while they were driving along, his conversation with the Count and with Zita. When he had concluded the old dealer exclaimed,—

"We have the whole matter in our hands now, but we must not lose a moment. Do you go back to the hotel and wait for me. I must go to the Court."

At the hotel Paul found Gabrielle in a high state of anxiety. Still she only inquired after her father. She did not mention Zita's name. They had, however, not much time for conversation. Papa Grassot came back sooner than they expected, much excited. He gave Paul his last directions, and did not leave him till midnight, when he went away, saying,—

"Be punctual to-morrow: the end is near."

Next morning at the precise hour Zita had appointed Paul was cordially welcomed by the Count.

Ah," he exclaimed, "you are just in time. Mrs. Thorpe is away; Sir Peabody is absent on business, and I shall have to leave you directly after breakfast. You must keep the Countess company. Come, Zita, let us have breakfast."

It was an ill-omened breakfast. The Count was pale under his rouge, and evidently agitated. The Countess affected childish happiness, but nervous movements betrayed the storm which was raging at her heart. Paul observed that she incessantly filled the Count's glass and drank freely herself.

It struck twelve, and Count Saint-Roch rose.

"Diable!" he said, as if bracing himself for the scaffold; "it must be done; they are waiting for me."

He kissed his wife tenderly, bade Paul adieu, and went out hurriedly.

Crimson and breathless, Zita listened to his departing footsteps, and when she was certain that he had gone, she said,—

"Now, Paul, look at me! Need I tell you who is the woman I have chosen for you? It is—the Countess Saint-Roch."

He trembled, but controlling himself with an effort, he smiled, and replied, half tenderly, half ironically,—

"Why do you speak to me of unattainable happiness? You are married."

"But I may be a widow."

These words from her lips had a fearful meaning. But Paul was prepared for them, and said,—

"True, but unfortunately, you also are ruined. You are as poor as I; and we are too astute to think of joining poverty to poverty."

She looked at him with a sinister smile. She hesitated. But she was drunk with pride and passion; she had taken a good deal of wine, and her usually cool head was in a state of delirium.

"And if I were not ruined?" she whispered hoarsely, "what would you say then?"

"I should say that you are the very woman of whom an ambitious man might dream in his most glorious visions."

She believed him. Throwing aside all restraint she continued,—

"Well, then, listen. I am immensely rich. The large fortune which once belonged to Count Saint-Roch, and which he believes to be lost in speculation, is in my hands. I have suffered horribly to have to act for two long years the loving wife to this old man. But I thought of you, dear Paul, and that thought sustained me. I knew you would return, and I wished for royal treasures to give you. These much coveted millions are mine, and now I can say to you, 'Take them, they are yours: I give them to you as freely as I give myself.'"

She drew herself up to her full height, splendid and fearful in her matchless beauty. Paul felt as if his reason was departing. Still he had strength to say,—

"But unfortunately you are not a widow."

She bent over him, and said in a low voice,—

"Not a widow? Do you know what Count Saint-Roch is doing at this moment? He is beseeching his shareholders to relieve him from the effects of his mismanagement. If they refuse him he will be arrested and tried as a defaulter. Well, they will refuse him, for I have bribed some of the largest shareholders to refuse. What do you think the Count will do when he finds himself dishonoured and disgraced? I know, for I have seen him write his will and load his revolver."

At that moment the door of the outer room was opened. She turned as pale as death, and, seizing Paul's arm violently, she whispered,—

"Listen!"

Heavy steps were heard in the adjoining room, then—nothing more!

"It is he!" she whispered again. "Our fate is hanging in the balance—"

A shot was heard, which made the window-panes rattle, and cut her short. She trembled from head to foot, and gasped out,—

"Free at last, Paul; we are free!"

And rushing to the door, she opened it, but started back with a shriek.

On the threshold stood Count Saint-Roch, his features terribly distorted, a smoking revolver in his hand.

"No," he said; "no, Zita, you are not free!"

Perfectly livid, her eyes starting from their sockets, the wretched woman shrank back to a door which opened from the dining-room into her own apartment.

The Count stepped forward and thus allowed Papa Grassot to be seen behind him.

"Masson!" she cried,— "Masson!"

She held out her hands as if to push aside a spectre that had risen from the grave, and was now stretching out its arms to clutch her. In the meantime Masson came forward, with Gabrielle leaning on Madame Duval's arm.

"She also," muttered Zita; "she too!"

The terrible truth broke at last upon her mind; she saw the snare in which she had been caught, and felt that she was lost.

"Ingrate!" she said, turning to Paul; "who has made you do this? It was not in your loyal heart to plan such treachery against a woman. Are you mad? And do you not see that to be loved by me as I love you, were it but for a day, Masson would again rob his employers, and the Count would again give all his millions?"

As she was saying this, she had slipped one of her hands behind her, and was feeling for the knob of the door. She found it, and instantly disappeared, before anyone could have prevented her escape.

"Never mind!" said Masson. "All the outer doors are guarded."

But she had not meant to escape. She appeared again, pale and cold as marble. Looking defiantly round her, she said mockingly,—

"I have loved, and now I can die. That is just. I have loved. Ah! Masson and De Périer ought to have taught me what is the fate of those who really love."

Then looking at Paul, she proceeded,—

"And you—you will know what you have lost when I am dead. The memory of my love will never die. You triumph now, Gabrielle; but remember, between you and Paul there will for ever rise the shadow of Zita Denman."

As she said the last words she raised a small phial, which she held in her hand, to her lips, drank the contents, and sank into a chair, exclaiming,—

"Now I defy you all!"

"Ah! she escapes after all!" exclaimed Masson; "she escapes justice!" He rushed forward, but Paul stepped between and said,—

"Let her die."

Already she was struggling in convulsions, and the penetrating smell of bitter almonds which filled the room showed too plainly that the poison which she had taken was one of those from which there is no rescue. She was carried to her bed, and in less than ten minutes she was dead.

Gabrielle and Madame Duval were kneeling by the side of the bed, and the Count was sobbing in a corner of the room, when a police-sergeant entered.

"The woman Thorpe is not to be found," he said, "but M. Peabody has been arrested. Where is the Countess Saint-Roch?"

Paul pointed to the body.

"Dead?" said the officer. "Then I have nothing more to do here."

He was retiring when Masson stopped him.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said. "I wish to state that I am not Grassot, but that my real name is Masson, formerly cashier of the Mutual Discount Society, sentenced in contumaciam to ten years' penal servitude. I am ready to be tried, and deliver myself up to justice."

\* \* \* \* \*

The magistrate from Saigon saw his hopes fulfilled, and, thanks to his promotion, was commissioned to continue the trial which he had so ably commenced. He sentenced Eugène Noriac to penal servitude for life. Goriot got off with twenty years, and the two Fantass with ten years' solitary confinement. The trial of M. Peabody which shortly followed revealed a system of swindling so bold and daring that it seemed like a wild romance. It excited especial surprise when it was discovered that he had issued false shares, which he induced Count Saint-Roch to buy in, so as to ruin by the same process the Count as an individual and the company over which he presided. He was sentenced to twenty years' transportation to Cayenne.

These scandalous revelations had one good result. They saved the poor Count, but they betrayed at the same time his unfitness for business. He remained poor. They had made Peter Peabody refund, and had even obtained possession of Zita Denman's fortune; but the Count had to pay the penalty of his want of business capacity. When he had satisfied his creditors, and handed over to his daughter a part of her maternal inheritance, he had scarcely more than ten thousand francs a year left. Of the whole "clique" Mrs. Thorpe alone escaped. Masson, having surrendered to justice within the prescribed limits of time to purge himself, was tried, and the whole process began anew. But the trial was only a form. He was instantly acquitted.

The marriage of Gabrielle and Lieut. Paul de Najac was celebrated at the Church of St. Clothilde. Paul's groomsmen were Masson and the old doctor of the Saint Eustache.

The bride wore a dress of embroidered muslin. It was the robe which Gabrielle had so often covered with her tears when, nearly starving, she had sought to live by the work of her hands. Masson had hunted it up and bought it: the precious dress was his wedding-gift.

Count Saint-Roch rarely sees his son-in-law. He blames him in his heart for Zita's death, and worships her still even beyond the grave. Truly she was an extraordinary woman.

THE END.

(Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4th, 1879.)

WORMS IN A RETRIEVER.—"Chatham, Kent, March, 21, 1878.—A week since I gave one of Naldire's Powders to my Retriever, having strictly attended to your instructions. I mixed it in two ounces of butter, and in about twenty minutes she evacuated at least half a pint of Tapeworms, some eight of which were over four feet in length. Her coat, which had grown woefully rusty, is now beautiful, and her general condition is wonderfully improved. The medicine is so thorough, yet so safe, that I feel great pleasure in recommending it to all who keep Dogs and value them.—Yours truly, LAFAYETTE HARRISON. To Messrs. Wright and Holdsworth." Naldire's Powders are sold by all Chemists, in packets 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. each, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

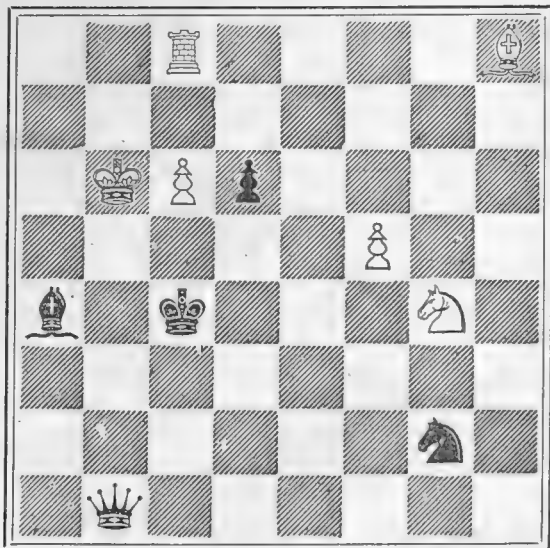
HORSES: THE "SLIGHT COLD AND COUGH."—Attack these in the bud, ere they lead to ill-condition, lung affection, and chronic disease. DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S "Red Paste Balls," or the "Red Condition Powders" will lubricate the throat and strengthen the stomach, cool the bowels without purging, and may be given morning, noon, or night. They are matchless in staling coat, swollen legs, loss of appetite, and sluggishness. It is with the horse, as with man, the stomach is mostly the seat of mischief. Badly digested food, fermenting from time to time, makes impure blood, and then follow colic and all the other maladies the horse is heir to. The Red Balls and Red Powders are all the medicines the huntsman, groom, and horsekeeper need in their stables if promptly used. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Deferred to next week.]

PROBLEM No. 226.  
(By M. AURELIO ABELA, from La Stratégie.)  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

The following game illustrates happily the dashing style of the late Professor Anderssen. It was played in the Grand Tournament of 1862, in London:—

[Ruy Lopez Kt's game.]	
WHITE. (Anderssen.)	BLACK. (Paulsen.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Kt 5	Kt to B 3
4. P to Q 3 (a)	P to Q 3
5. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B
6. P to K R 3	B to K 2
7. Kt to Q B 3	Castles
8. Castles	Kt to K sq
9. P to Q 4 (b)	P takes P
10. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2
11. B to K 3	P to Q 4
12. Kt to B 5	B to B 3
13. B to B 5	Kt to Q 3
14. R to K sq	R to K sq
15. Q to Kt 4	Kt takes Kt
16. P takes Kt	Q to Q 2
17. Q to B 3	P to R 4 (c)
18. Kt to K 2	P to R 5
19. P to B 3 (d)	R to R 4
20. B to Q 4	Q to Q 3
21. Kt to Kt 3	B to K 4
22. P to B 6 (e)	Q takes P
23. Q to R 5	P to Kt 4
24. Q to K 4	Q to R sq (f)
25. B takes B	P to B 3
26. Q to R 5 (g)	R takes B
27. R takes R	P takes R
28. Q to K 8 (ch)	K to K 2
29. Kt to B 5 (ch)	Resigns.

CHESS IN LONDON.  
The following interesting game was played last week in the Handicap Tourney of the City of London Club, between Messrs. Lord and MacDonnell, the latter giving the odds of P and two moves:—

[Remove Black's K B P.]	
WHITE. (Mr. Lord.)	BLACK. (Mr. MacDonnell.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3
2. P to Q 4	P to B 4
3. B to Q 3	Q to R 4 (ch)
4. P takes P (a)	Q takes P
5. B to Q 2 (b)	Kt to K B 3
6. Kt to Q B 3	Q to R 4
7. B to K 3	Kt to B 3
8. P to K R 3	P to Q 3
9. P to B 4	B to K 2
10. P to R 3	P to Q 4 (d)
11. P to K Kt 4 (c)	P takes P
12. B to Q 2	Q to Kt 3
13. Kt takes P	B to Q 2 (e)
14. Kt to Q B 3	Castles Q R (f)
15. P to Kt 5	B takes P
16. P takes Kt	Drawn Game.
17. Kt to B 3 (g)	Q takes P (h)
18. R to Q R 2 (i)	Q to Kt 3
19. Kt to Q R 4	Q to B 2
20. Kt to B 5	Kt to K 2
21. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
22. P to K 2	Q to Kt 3
23. P to B 3	Q to Kt 6
24. B to B 4	Q to Kt 8 (ch)
25. Q to R sq	Q to K 5 (ch)
26. Q to K 2	Q to Kt 8 (ch)
27. Q to Q sq	B to R 5 (ch)
28. Kt takes B	Q to K 5 (ch)
29. Q to K 2 (k)	Q takes R (ch)
30. Q to B sq (l)	Q to K 5 (ch)
31. Q to K 2	Q to R 8 (ch)

(a) This is now considered White's best move, and Black seems to have no better reply than that given in the text.

(b) Mr. Potter prefers Kt to Q B 3; both moves are good, and the receiver of the odds should choose that which best suits his style of play.

(c) A bold but perfectly safe course; as, however, it gives White a very difficult game, and requires afterwards very nice and accurate play, it is to be avoided by those who have not perfect confidence in their skill for attack.

(d) Probably the only move to escape disaster.

(e) Had he taken Kt P with Q, White would have obtained a great advantage by R to Kt sq, followed by Kt to Kt 5.

(f) A daring manœuvre, but practically sound, considering the position, the odds given, and the time-limit (15 moves an hour).

(g) Few players even of the first-class could have conducted the game from this point to the end with as sound judgment as Mr. Lord exhibits.

(h) Best; Kt to Q 5 looks very promising, but would have served no good purpose; thus:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
17. ....	Kt to Q 5
18. Kt takes Kt	B to R 4 (ch)
19. K to B sq	Q takes Kt
20. Q to K 2	B to Q B 3
21. B to K 3, and Black has only the semblance of an attack to compensate him for his lost piece.	

(i) Here for the first time White's judgment evinces inexperience; he ought to have played—R to Kt sq.

(j) Had he attempted to save the R by K to B 2, Black would have captured the K B, with a good game.

(k) Seeing the unprotected position of his K, White very properly played for the draw.

CHILBLAINS. Instant relief and cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle. [ADVT.]

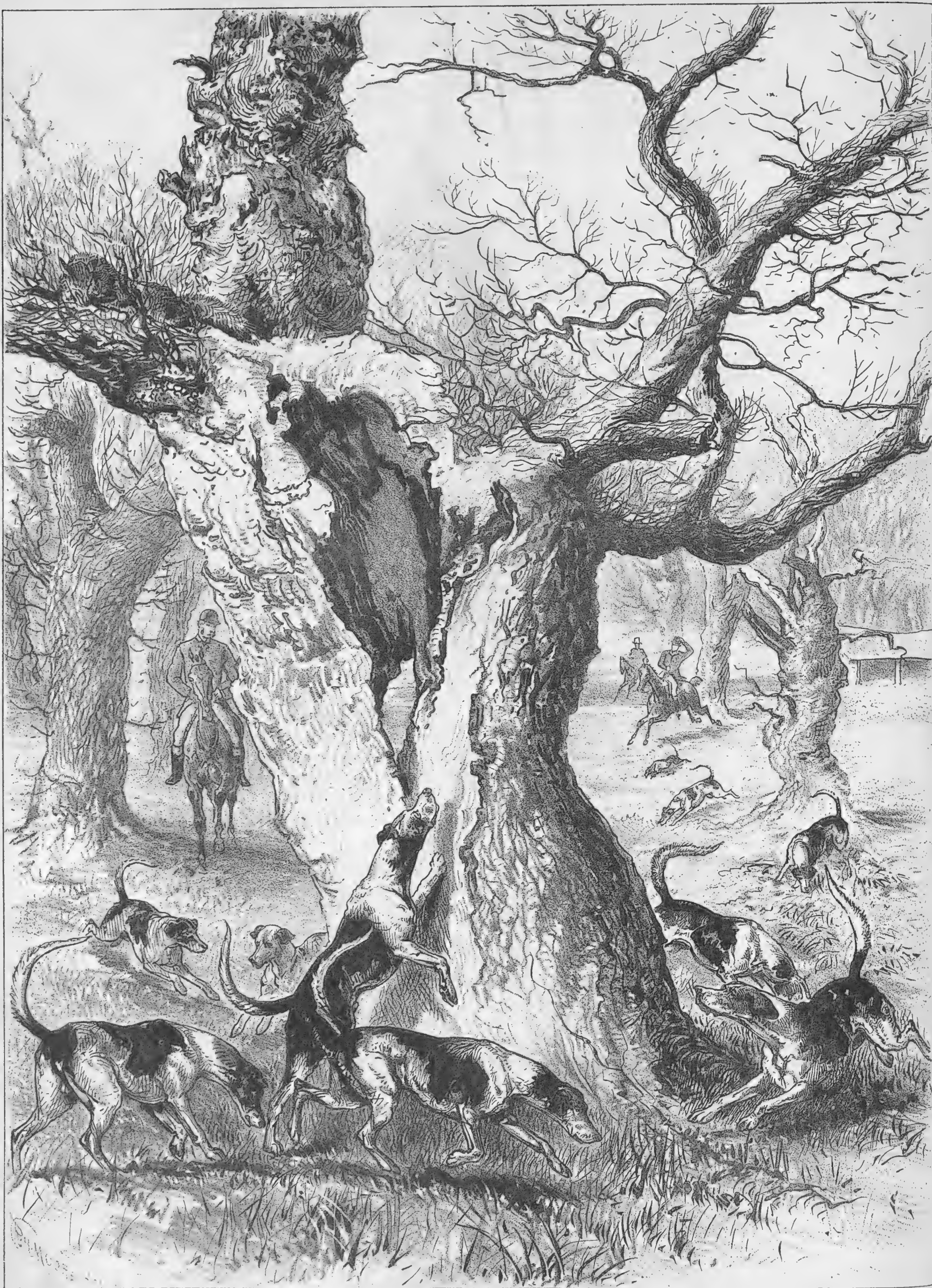
Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgrave, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.]

Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVT.]

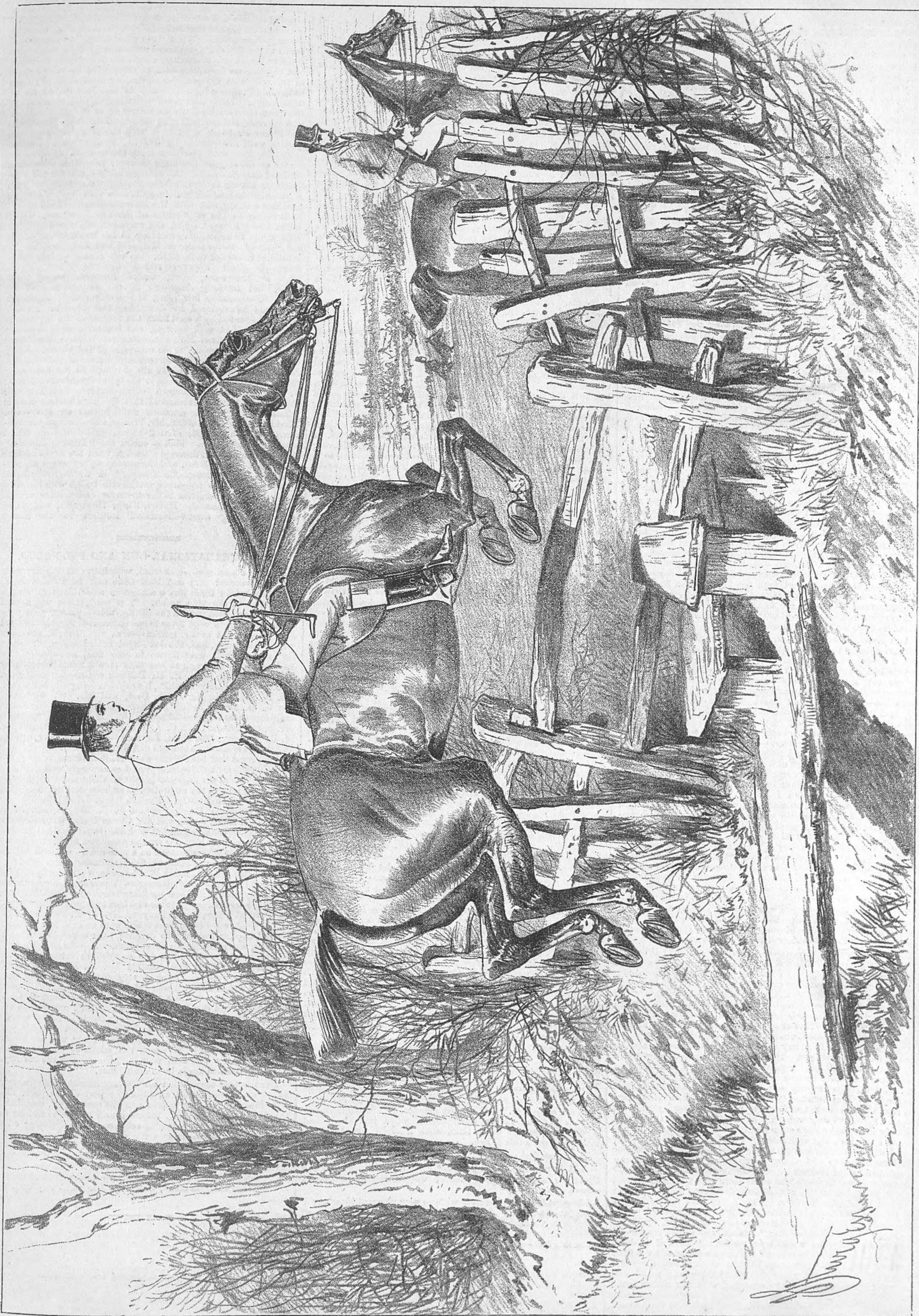
COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed times ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]





FOXES IN TREES.—A SKETCH FROM NATURE.





"WILL HE CLEAR IT?"



## MY FIRST SALMON.

THE brethren of the rod and line are, I am fain to confess, more remarkable for their vivid powers of imagination than a too rigid adherence to plain matter of fact; hence some of my readers may be inclined to take this narrative of personal experience with a large grain of salt. But it is true, every syllable—on the word of a fisherman!

For many years no more devoted pursuer of the gentle craft than myself could have been found from John o' Groats to Land's End; a man to be a successful angler must also be an enthusiast, and it is no flattery to say that I loved fishing—and love it still—as the only pastime worthy the name. I could quite sympathise with the feelings of the gouty Waltonian, who, unable to follow his favourite sport out of doors, made shift with a tub in his own room, and, oblivious to all surroundings, enjoyed his sport to his heart's content. It did not matter what sort of fishing presented itself—sea, river, pond, or lake—nor what kind of fish were likely to burden my creel; a blank day was a matter of no grievous disappointment, though I liked big takes better than an empty basket; the sport was always enough to gladden my senses, and therefore I never failed to satisfy myself no matter which way the luck chanced to be. But—don't laugh, please—though my knowledge of matters piscatorial was by no means inconsiderable, though I had won prizes innumerable in fishing competitions, and though the walls of my unpretentious dwelling bore tangible evidence (thanks to the skill of the taxidermist) of my powers, I was bordering that age when comfortably disposed persons find their waistcoats growing very tight, and experience great consternation at the rapid increase of bodily circumference, before I ever attempted fly-fishing. Of course I had often enough made many a good catch with a live may-fly suspended upon the tiniest of hooks, attached to a single horse-hair line, allowing the line to float and flutter about in the swirls and eddies of the stream—no fish that ever swam could resist such a tempting morsel—but to the art of artificial fly-fishing I was a complete stranger. Would I were so still. I should have stuck contentedly to my line and float, paternoster, or ledger, my live-bait, gorge-bait, or "spinner"; but I was beguiled by an ardent "rodster," who looked down upon all piscatorial occupations unconnected with the capture of trout and salmon with ineffable contempt. "Come to Dolgelly," wrote he; "we shall be able to fish both the Mawddach and the Wnion, and if the fish are anything like as plentiful as they were a few years back we shall be sure of capital sport. Leave your confounded gentle-box, worm-bag, ground-bait, &c., behind you; get a two-headed rod—a 16ft. will be amply long enough—a pair of wading stockings and a stout pair of brogues; don't let the tackle-maker persuade you to buy any flies, as I can fit you up with as many as you can contrive to lose, either by whipping off or getting 'hung up.' No refusal, mind; and before you start forget that such an inferior kind of sport as bottom fishing ever existed." The last remark rather nettled me, for it is not a pleasant thing to be sneered at by a fellow-angler, even if he be a warm friend and the prince of good fellows; but eventually I reasoned with myself, why should I not put this vaunted phase of art into practice, and see whether it carried out the glowing accounts of my old acquaintance? And then the thoughts of landing a salmon—a silver-sided beauty of may-be five-and-twenty pounds weight, or more—clinched my determination; I would go, see, and conquer, and by the next post a letter was despatched to friend Gallow, accepting his invitation.

As a matter of course, no sooner was the resolve made than the fisherman's fever of impatience was upon me. The cab which carried me to the tackle-monger's was either the slowest vehicle that ever rolled upon wheels, or else my haste made it appear so; but at last the sixteen-foot rod, the stockings, brogues, and some salmon-casts were bought, and I was bowling alone homewards, with an insane desire to don my newly-acquired "waders" in the cab, and a hankering wish to try the suppleness of that rod out of the window. However, I restrained myself—which, perhaps, was quite as well, as my ideas put into execution might have attracted remark, to say the least. How that day and part of the next passed I never rightly understood—it seemed like a dream. I recollect reading all my pet authors on the great subject; but somehow the words were words always, and nothing else. They bore no meaning to my excited brain, and I should probably have been as much enlightened had I been attempting to peruse an Egyptian papyrus or a Russian treatise on the pie-crustian nature of promises. Enough that the next day found me duly at Paddington station, and some hours of travelling, varied when we had fairly got within the borders of the Principality by some extended and rather incomprehensible "waits," brought me to Dolgelly and my journey's end. Gallow was at the station, awaiting my arrival, and leaving my traps to be brought up after me (but not suffering that rod to leave my sight) we trudged through the curious little old town up the hill to Bron-y-Gader, our destination. The weather had been unsettled, and the rivers in an unfishable condition, but Gallow gave me every hope of success, and the barometer seemed to show a friendly predisposition towards our exploits of the morrow.

Do you remember (if you ever wore them) the first time you put on fishing-stockings and brogues? The sensation is the reverse of comfortable, and I felt like what I should imagine a diver feels like when fully equipped for his calling. First experiences are awkward things, very; and it was rather cruel of Gallow to try my nerves in such a manner at the outset. There was a likely place, he said, just below that shallow—indicating a gradually shelving part of the stream, over which the current raced at some six or seven miles an hour—and if I didn't get a rise I should be able at any rate to extend my line and acquire the knack of throwing it. His favourable auguries were belied in the result; I did not acquire that knack. All that I learnt was the remarkable facility with which the flies "whip" off, unless the line be properly cast, and three throws were sufficient to render my line harmless to any fish. To refit it was necessary to return to the bank, but that was a thing more easily said than done. It was all very well walking with the current down that shingly slope, but quite another matter to get back again. Turn round I could not, and each attempt found me nearly carried off my feet; the current was too strong for me to succeed in walking backwards, and to add to my discomfiture, Gallow and young Tombstones stood looking on and roaring with laughter. Young Tombstones was the boy who carried our bags and the gaff, and whose possession of two colossal slabs for front teeth had earned for him his distinctive title. How I got back to dry land I know not, but I was glad when I did. This was a pretty beginning, truly; and my troubles had but just commenced. "Makes your feet awfully cold, wading," I casually remarked to my companion, to which he unfeelingly replied: "Then if it does, your stockings let in the water," which turned out to be a fact. I would have taken the wretched things off then and there but that they objected, and their objection held good; so all day long did I trudge along that river bank, with my nether limbs wet, cold, and benumbed. So far, when the day's doings came to be talked over, I had not been converted much to the cause of fly fishing. What I had done was to lose some dozens of Gallow's pet flies—all of his own tying—walk fifteen or twenty

miles in a miserable plight, find out that my stockings were failures, that wading was not all pleasure, and that a sixteen-foot salmon-rod is the most undesirable companion when one has to work one's way along goat-paths, over slippery boulders, and amongst trees, bushes, and undergrowth. And no fish had left the Mawddach in response to our repeated invitations—not to be wondered at, as far as my clumsy attempts were concerned, but certainly disappointing with respect to Gallow, who really was a practised hand and a skilful fisherman. Already I yearned for a seat in a punt or on a bank, but buoyed myself up with anticipations of doing better the following day.

But the next day was a *dies non*; the barometer had turned sulky and back to "rainy"; the rain came down in torrents, and the rivers were coffee-coloured torrents. We had ascertained this much for ourselves, getting wet through being an operation rather esteemed than otherwise amongst the hills of North Wales. It didn't matter so much, however, as I had been compelled to telegraph to town for another pair of stockings, and expected them to arrive by the morrow. In revenge for the rain we worried that idiotic barometer in a fashion which must have inspired it with the deadliest hatred of all fisherman in general, and of us in particular.

The following day smiled upon us, but no stockings had arrived. The station-master hadn't heard of any, nor had the head-porter, nor the under-porter, nor the boy who rang the bell; so the assumption was that they had not come. "Never mind, old fellow," said Gallow, "we can fish the bits that you can reach from the bank; it will only give us a longer, and perhaps a pleasanter walk." Well, longer it certainly was; but I'm not the least certain that it was a whit more agreeable than the first. In fact, it was decidedly, not to say decidedly, disagreeable. In the first place I was imbecile enough to wear a new pair of heavy shooting boots for the first time; this led to my feet getting blistered, and the blisters "wearing off" until it was agony to move. A nice situation, six or seven miles from home; a broken, stony road to traverse; and no chance of meeting with any means of getting a lift. I was obliged to stand in my bath, and wait until those awful boots softened sufficiently for me to get them off, and then I found my feet absolutely raw. I was crippled for the time, and for some days, but still the thought of catching a real live salmon supported me. We hadn't had a rise all day, and the fish were still living and growing bigger. By the bye, another pretty little incident of my second day's salmon fishing must not escape unnoticed. Into the Mawddach flow various tributary streams which, as bridges are there almost unknown, have to be forded. Having those shooting boots on, it was impossible for me to wade, so in a weak moment I surrendered myself, and allowed Gallow to take me across, pick-a-back. Two of these brooks had been successfully crossed in this manner, but at the third disaster befel us. Why didn't I remember that increasing years had led to my increase of substance—why not consider that as my carrier was, if anything of slighter build than myself, a "spill" was not an unlikely circumstance. You have guessed already what the catastrophe was. It was that sixteen-foot rod that did it. But for that we should have been safe, notwithstanding the extremely hazardous footing afforded by the rolling shingle. At the very moment when a forward movement was necessary for the preservation of an equilibrium, the top-joint caught in some boughs and—whop! splash! In far less time than it takes to tell, I was out on one bank, hopping about and nursing a bruised knee, while Gallow in deplorable plight waddled out of the stream on the other. Poor fellow, he had gone smack down on his face, and was wetted from crown to sole: there was something laughable nevertheless in the way in which the water slopped out of his fishing stockings at every stride, until they lost the appearance of old-fashioned bucket-boots which they had assumed. Tombstones, quite oblivious of any sentiment of sympathy or compassion, stood grinning like a juvenile Mephistopheles, and this did not add to my pleasure.

By the time I could get out again the prospects of sport had not improved; Gallow had been out day by day, and had succeeded once in trapping a measly-looking thing of about a couple of pounds' weight, which he said was a bull trout. Perhaps it was, in which case bull trout are not worth cooking. At length my new stockings came, and, like the others, proved hollow impostures, being about as much protection against the water as a landing net. We walked along the stream to the falls above Tyn-y-groes, and whipped the water with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; my flies managed to keep on a little longer than formerly, but all that I caught was bushes, trees, floating refuse, and occasionally my own garments. Then it began to dawn upon me that salmon fishing was a fraud, and a dislike, almost bordering upon hatred, arose in my breast for that sixteen-foot rod.

And so day followed day without a material change of programme, saving the growing detestation of that rod, and of the whole business, until a month had worn itself away, and it was time for me to think of turning homewards. Often I had wished myself back amongst English-speaking folk (Welsh-English is not of the best) and some quiet nook on the Thames amongst the barbel, perch, or jack; or anywhere where fishing meant catching fish, sooner or later. We had caught no salmon, no one else had caught any—or, as the Teuton phrased it, "nobody got some." It was a moot question with me whether there were any in the river, right away from Barmouth to the falls where the unworked gold mine is, until the water bailiff showed me—two! There they lay, black ugly creatures, as unlike the salmon of the fishmonger's slab as anything one could conceive. The keeper said they were twelve pounders. I don't know, and I don't care whether they were fifty pounders; I couldn't get them, and I didn't want them.

At length the last day of my Welsh sojourn came; we followed the old routine, which consisted of walking several miles, losing several dozen flies (this on my part), getting soaked half-a-dozen times or thereabouts, and catching no salmon. It was just growing dark as I prepared to pack up, but the hope of "luck" that every true fisherman feels made me defer my last cast as late as possible. At length, with a sigh, I commenced to wind in my line, finally, when just as it had straightened in the water there came a slight tug, and I felt that I had got a fish at last.

It was my first salmon!

And it was likewise a "pink," length from the eye to the tip of the tail, about four inches; weight, the fraction of an ounce.

He went back into the river with no very pleasant blessing; I went back to town by the earliest train, with no very pleasant blessing on the rivers Mawddach and Wnion.

My first salmon is likely to be my last; I am content with less noble fish—and more of them.

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## PROFESSOR PEPPER'S NEW ILLUSIONS AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

PROFESSOR PEPPER has just entered upon an Easter Entertainment engagement, which may be regarded by his extensive circle of friends and admirers as his farewell appearance before his departure for the twelvemonths' tour in Australia, which he recently announced. When "the ghost effect" was first produced at the Royal Polytechnic Institution all sight-seers were agog to behold the marvellous effects the newspapers recorded, and those of an ingenious turn of mind went again and again to try and solve the problem—including even such physicists as the late Professor Faraday—who at last had to ask for an explanation. Those conversant with the manipulative details of the ghost effects will readily see their way to the production of new marvels, but the public at large will be sadly puzzled to know how Professor Pepper can step out of blank space, and quietly walk towards his audience. A large room, isolated from the floor with phosphorescent green walls, occupies the centre of the stage of the large theatre; from this descends a flight of carpeted stairs. An apology being made for the Professor not having arrived, Professor Pepper's well-known voice is immediately heard repudiating the idea that he ever kept an audience waiting, and with the announcement, "I am here!" he is visible in the very centre of the room, and immediately walks bodily forward, down the steps towards the footlights. This would be impossible according to the arrangement of the old ghost effect—his *image* could appear and disappear, but his substance could not walk forth. As the reverse of this effect, Banquo's ghost appears seated in the chair at the back of the room, rises, walks forward, steps backward, and *instantly disappears* in the very centre of the chamber, *evaporating into space*, is the only correct expression that could be employed for describing this illusion. First, a basket, suspended by a cord from the ceiling of the mysterious chamber, is filled with oranges, and instantaneously these are converted into pots of Moir's marmalade. When these are removed, a puppy appears as the occupant of the basket. Every care is taken to prove the substantial character of these objects. Many other startling illusions are promised as the outcrop of this patented apparatus, which is the joint invention of Mr. J. J. Walker, the well-known organ-builder, and Professor Pepper. It was well remarked that this new arrangement is admirably adapted for dramatic requirements on the stage. That ingenious mechanic, Mr. Pichler, introduces an arrangement by which portraits of well-known public men are traced upon the large screen. This is called the "Portrait Limner." Another illusion well deserves attention from the clever manner in which it is carried out, and the accompanying songs are rendered, is "The Zoocephalic Troupe," in which living heads appear attached to miniature marionette bodies with ludicrous effect. Mr. A. Douglass is the inventor and worker of this ingenious arrangement. Messrs. King, Hepworth, and others add interesting screen-illustrated lectures to the Easter novelties.

## THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

DESPITE a keen north-east wind, with intervals of heavy rain, the International Gun and Polo Club met in Preston Park, Brighton, where there was a numerous assemblage to witness the sports in the polo arena. The programme was a most attractive one, and besides the tilting, tent-pegging, polo pony racing, &c., there were three teams entered for the International Polo Cup, valued at 25 guineas—viz., the Dwarfs, the Cambridge University, and the 5th Royal Irish Lancers. The two first-named teams were drawn to play first, and shortly after half-past two, although at the time it was raining hard, they opened the ball. Mr. E. H. Baldock captained the Dwarfs, who played in black and white, his *confrères* being Mr. A. R. Peat, Mr. A. E. Peat, Mr. J. E. Peat, and Mr. W. Anderson; Mr. J. D. Barry acting as their umpire. The Cambridge University was represented by Mr. W. E. C. Ellis (captain), Mr. S. C. C. Currie, Mr. C. A. Wood, Mr. C. C. Ellis, and Mr. H. R. Jameson; Mr. E. H. Loxdale officiated as their umpire, and their colours were maroon and yellow. From the outset it was apparent that the Dwarfs were much the stronger team, and although the Cambridge men played exceedingly well together, still they lacked the dash and *finesse* of their more experienced opponents, who at the expiration of an hour were left the victors, winning somewhat easily. The 5th Royal Irish Lancers—consisting of Captain Paley, Captain J. S. Benyon, Mr. J. G. Spicer, Mr. L. H. Jones, and Mr. Cosmo Little, who had drawn a bye—subsequently competed with the Dwarfs for the handsome silver cup, and the struggle for the possession of this trophy was one of the best ever witnessed on a polo field. On both sides the play was particularly brilliant, the magnificent form shown by Mr. Baldock and the Messrs. Peat being for a time nearly counterbalanced by that of their adversaries. The Dwarfs, however, were eventually the winners, scoring four goals to one. Fortilting at the ring there were 12 entries, nine of whom took part in the competition. Capt. Paley, Capt. Benyon, Mr. J. E. Peat, and Capt. R. M. West, after their three rides, were on even terms; but in the end Captain Paley, who cleverly took a couple of rings in one ride, was awarded the silver prize. A polo pony race of a quarter of a mile for a silver cup resulted in favour of Captain Paley's Mickey Free, who defeated Mr. H. D. Brocklehurst's Butley by two lengths, after a very close and exciting race; Mr. J. S. Spicer's Fidget was third—eight starting. The prizes of the above events were then presented by Captain G. V. Macdonald, and this brought the afternoon's amusement to a conclusion. So heavy was the rain at one time that it was decided to postpone the tent-pegging competition and polo pony show until to-day, when, in addition, there will be another important polo match, in which the whole of the competitors engaged to-day will take part, and the band of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers will again be in attendance.

The shooting competition for the magnificent prizes presented by the club took place in an adjoining part of the park. The attendance was far larger than could be anticipated, considering the adverse weather. Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Maas tied for the Easter Cup by killing six birds each, and when shooting off at 27 yards, Mr. Edmunds won the cup and £20 by killing five birds; Mr. Maas taking the second prize, an elegant *objet d'art*. A £2 sweepstakes at 27 yards was divided between Mr. Ray and Mr. H. Rae Reid. Several other sweepstakes were also decided. The shooting for the Free Prize to-day commences at 12.30, and the sports in the polo arena, which bid fair to be very exciting, at 2.30.

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